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18



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* * * * *

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Gary Snyder: ON SAN GABRIEL RIDGES

I dream of ---
soft, white, washable country
clothes.
Woven zones.
Scats
up here on the rocks;
seeds, stickers, twigs, bits of grass --
on my belly, pressed designs ---

O loves of long ago
hello again.
all of us together
with all our other loves and children
twining and knotting
through each other --
intricate, chaotic, done.
I dive with you all
and it curls back; freezes;
the laws of waves.
as clear as a canyon wall
as sweet
as long ago.

Woven
into the dark.
squirrel hairs,
squirrel bones crunched,
tight and dry in scats of
fox.

Robert Kelly:

Section 44 of a long poem called THE LOOM

The leaf
I lent you,
 where is that now,
you who were so bold
as to put cities behind you?
Only a loan at best,
the light reclaims our eyes.
Re-possession. The credit
of our movement. A death
for Robert, to elicit life.

Skull on desk, my hand's
independent fingers resting
on suture. Ape
over my head, blank stare
of a creature-world
that does not imagine death.
Dried stalks of cholla
Ted left us, caduceus
of desert places. Snake
with seven mouths. To hold
the water of our lights in,
to redeem our eyes.
Lace ruff collar
to hold my heavy head up,
where have I seen the like?

South is my destruction.
Do not move south.
Powerline. Firebreak. Up
the implicit canyon, sulca,
where a girl named Helen is
for a flicker the shape of my.
Input.

The work
starts in the conviction of death.
Not somebody else' s---
no murderers need apply.
The shape of my death
like a furrow like a Helen like a
firebreak a warp in the mountains
crock of andesite beginning to shift.
Earthquake. Venereal
contagion. L'aura plagued,
with influences many,
settling down to a long story
she reads in me.
And the dawn.
Which for all its light
is not certainly clear.

Sweat it out. Which
direction has the music in?
North was always
where I wanted.
Set out the oracle
eye turned to the blind inside
hoping. The hopping
frog-like people come
waving their reminders---
a pain in the ass
but their fingers are lucky,
count them, they flicker
& communicate

what they learned
under the mountain.
The animal sleeps.

A broad plain
not easy to see, drifts
of mist on it,
but the movements
aren't all in the air,
something on the ground
has its own directions,
connections, does
not approach me.
Wrap the stole around me,
pick up the cup.
Whatever that is down there
I know it for my loss
or I its master
prone to fall down.
I laugh, because a rock.

The bird was black
but now not even shadows
throw that color. The bird
is yellow, flicks
from rock to rock,
I follow, with the writing
in my hand, reading,
hurrying. I do not stumble
even once. The bird
is on a dead oak tree
or is it winter. I wonder.
I followed
wherever it flew,
it would be tedious
to examine the joys
I experienced therein,

the sure direction, constant
pursuit, its speed
tempered to my
reading rate, sometimes
I ran.

Up the arms of the cross
& down the star's
fleshy arms
right into the hands
of a candle ---
I should have stayed
among the rams,
nothing to do
but love real women.

But now I hastened
over this unlikely plain
lit by the glow
that forced itself
out of my heart,
a consort of pains
lighting up
wheels of my body,
rotae, the turns
that gave off light
inside me---

that was the strangeness
in running,
that I was source
of the only light
& source of the running too.
I could do as well

to stand still. I did
& the lights went out.
Wherever the valley
was coming from it
wasnt from me.

There was only that stone

place & laughable rock,
how could I care
about that
& yet I did,
my pockets filled
since morning
with dried chips of meat
written on
with fat soft lead pencil
the sigils of powers
I imagined to preside
over the planetary
hours of the day I
thought it was.
I ate one every two
human hours & needed water---
isnt that history?
I kept talking I mean
walking now, trying
to keep cool, a wind
up to meet me & indeed
I wasnt on the level yet.
But my efforts brought
the light back, dimmer now
from the ingested food.
I tried to vomit
& got a black ball of slime
in a ribbon of acid yellow---
is this my food?
I thought I had left such
in the valley of crows.
On the other side.
But I felt better
going on, lighter
for emptiness.
Kept going down along.
But interruptions

ran my charge
 down. Feeble battery
 I run on,
 head in heaven
 whisk
 of pure reason
 & purer feeling
 sweep the sky
 blue again.

Dark

earth & bright heaven.
BUILD MY TEMPLE
 in the shape of
 this body,
 size of this kind.

It was the lowlands
 at last,
 sea-level---
 tongue in mouth
 at rest.
 Every work of a man
 starts at sea-level---
 only later
 to the mountains.
 Zarathustra.
 Sea's face,
 the membrane we are.

Now there was
 clear space to work in.
 I was there, & knew it
 because I'd stopped moving.
 It was the place
 because it was place.
 I could stand up or lie down.
 The stars. The sequences
 of life on earth,

what I knew nothing about,
what I dimly guessed,
what was on
the tip of my tongues,
the sentences. The books.
All I ever knew
was how to know
what some other
was thinking of.
Or all I knew
was to do. This.
Three times
I walked around it,
the place I knew it was,
until my feet
got the feel of the
shape of it.
Contact with ground.
And most of the time
for all my dreams
I moved cautiously,
trying to be humble
to the place, not to think
about it too much,
to know it
as it might let
itself be known
or as I would let,
sometimes, a woman
know me. In time,
that great Bed
of dailiness,
utter intimacy
of going on.
But slowly,
letting the ground
know me too,

as it would, or shape
my walking on it.
Maybe I spent too long
but the only time
was what I happened
to be doing; at length
it was done.
I marked the boundary,
an enclosure
of three sides, its fourth
a semicircle curved out
towards the horizon
away from the hills.
Perhaps east. The sun
came roughly that way.
A smaller enclosure
on the west,
adjoining the blunt end.

Then from the upper
left, way
back in my head,
the quarry, I lifted
blocks of grey stone,
bluestone, set them out
end to end
along the boundary---
just one course
along the ground,
but enough
to set the place off,
mark it. Enclose.
The blocks were heavy,
had to drag them
out & across, always
fetching from the left,
behind me almost,

dragging & pushing
to get them in line.
Most days I could manage
ten, then lay down
to sleep in the smaller
chamber I foresaw.
The last part I worked on
was the semicircle,
& when that was finished
it was the first wall proper
I coaxed to rise,
the stones smaller now
so I could lift them,
grunting, into place.
When this curved wall
or apsidial was
as high as my heart
I left off work on it
& went back to the rest.
After some weeks I'd raised
a wall of one height
all round the enclosures,
leaving a gap only
in the west wall
& another facing it
between the smaller
& the larger rooms.
Something told me,
maybe the way
the birds were drifting back,
that the rains were coming
so I worked faster.
Towards the eastern end
in the bay of curve
I set two pillars up
making them as high
as I could lift the stones.

Between them
but set a little back,
the altar
high as my genitals
& with a square top
half as wide
as the altar was high.

These things I measured
in the doubt of time
using the yardsticks
my body gave me
& the shadows
each stone or construct
cast --- from those
I learned direction.
I had no wish
to impose.
I found it
as it was
& sometimes prayed it
to make me its
or find a way
to mark me
as my stonework
had declared it.
When I had done
what I wanted
& what I could,
dark clouds appeared
so I hasted to gather
certain plants,
wormwoods, fleshy
parts of cactus,
southernwood
from a dry place
back up the hill,
white sage, black sage,

leaves of manzanita.
All these I steeped
overnight in brackish
water in a hollowed rock.
When I woke
the rain was there.
I drank down the potion
& sucked the pulp
to get all I could
of what they mattered.
Then it was my business
to lie in the rain,
face up, at the base
of the altar. I knew
that the fresh rain,
three days of it
I counted on, would wash
something out of my flesh
I had no need
to keep inside,
& my face be washed
& its structure change.
Lay there except for when
that potion
churning inside me
made me run outside,
cleaned me out,
bloody flux
then peace again
to lie in the rain.
After the three days
appointed, the sun
came back. I waited
while it dried
what it could,
then arose from the mud
& walked out,
around the walls

three times.
Let the sun in
always, let her in.
My face felt strange,
I had to lie
all those days in rain
not moving my face,
sometimes opening my lips
to drink. The sun
dried. I felt fever
in me, the plan
I read in the ground
was working.
While the mud inside
was still wet,
I plastered it
all over the left-hand
pillar, then went down
to the alkali spring
to wash myself clean
one last time.
The salts
dried on my hands & arms,
I scratched at them,
the fever mounted.
Back at the altar
I kissed its top
& breathed on it
in the shape of cross
I guessed was right.
Closed my eyes,
moved three steps west
& sat on the ground
facing the altar.
When I opened my eyes
I found to my
satisfaction

that my skull
had slipped out of my head
& sat on the altartop
looking at me.
This is the first
of my offerings.
The skull
had eyes of its own
& watched me
with their color
not my own, the opposite
of my own.
I wondered who or what
was in my head;
I felt my forehead,
supple curves
of cheeks & temples.
I was cooler now,
quiet, watched
my Death up there
watch me.
It began to talk
& comment on the colors,
the black, the white,
the yellow, & how
they were not enough,
good enough in their time
but gone now. I was
impatient, I knew that.
Its voice
was also like birds,
as if a dozen
had gotten together
to fashion the parts of words,
vowels, stops, sibilants,
stresses rapped out.
It spoke to me

& when it did
blood began to spread
over its white dome.
It is time & past time
& the beginning of time---
you have no one but me
to show you the way
but I can bring you close,
or close enough. I am more
than enough. It spoke to me
that way, & when I looked away,
distracted by a bird,
woodpecker or whatever,
over on the wall,
I looked back to find
the skull no longer there.
I understood
it had come back
inside my head
& would for the most part
continue there, would
lead me. I could feel
Death trying to shape
my dry lips, dry throat,
as if to speak.
But maybe then
it wasn't important to speak.
I was very thirsty
& went to the spring,
aiming to gather water
& let it settle
in the hollow rock
till all the salts
precipitated out.
Then I could drink.
Outside I found all round me
that the desert had

predictably but to my surprise
after the heavy rain &
warmed now by the sun
crashed into flower.
I even had to walk on some
to get to the well,
small ones, very bright red.

Will Staple:

(two poems

MUDRA

She who turns you on in the
right direction, lites you up, makes you
interested, interesting,
any moment of concentration
potency, poignancy, poise.

up a steep thicket of
manzanita, poison oak, oak
all grown together sweating
the deer can get thru
so so can you, always fair
even if she's hard, climbing
a rock face can be done
even if there's only one way
step by step, just.

the lover who brought you thru
ecstacy seven times one morning
and who was never seen again.

ALONE IN CAMP

to at last be left
with intense reflection on breath
just me, knotted, tense or free
for a moment. quite attentive
to how short life is
how easy to waste it.

i sit in a small hut on a hill
side of a canyon
miles from a paved road
waiting for the moon to come
after the first fall rain.

If a friend paid a debt
i could buy bottlecaps, malt
fill up my car with gas.
but its too much to go to town,
now its getting cool enought to write,
the dry seasons over, letters due.

its better if you go to give.
some feel threatened in their own space
if you go to take.

best to wait and receive graciously.
patience is the quickest way
but beings need looking after.

Gerrit Lansing:

(two poems

CLETHRA ALONG THE WOODLOTS ROAD (from THE MILK OF THE STARS...)

The theme of time is theft, city of loss, Gloucester ravaged by selfish procuring of the nature of the city itself, fishiness of where we're at.

Cowboys.

Proliferates, it does, the disastrous abundance Armoricans
wring
from the sea and the shallows of Dogtown, say,
the Goddess' long body or barrow.

Sweet, wine of such provender,
and heady,
to drink from the cup where she lays it heavy upon us,
tongues in the glades of her heat,
not to be vilified,
ever "To Me, To Me," on whatever occasion.

Among men I honor her
the sweetness of men is her bounty,
the milk of the stars from her paps runs sweet in their first
jaculations
as auto - mobile
privacy of nights in Dogtown
when the sweet smell of clethra fills the
nose
and the spirit of the God
up
gushes.

AMAZING GRACE AND A SALAD BOWL:

in memory of Stephen Jonas

Is no repair on earth
for broken nerves,
wornout heads, the injuries the sensitives
self-inflict.

1.

2.

I have a salad bowl,
unpolished wood

I cherish as of you best memory.
The courtesy and purity of greens,
lemon juice and olive oil.

You wove a fabric beyond yr words,
ideas I sometimes felt were crazy,
a coat of hospitality,
embracing wine and merriment,
of Boston dawn, the place of time you loved.

3.

Boston you were to me, after I left New York
hub of, haven.

Would pile in exhausted from nights of pleasure,
to hear yr morning chatter,
drink coffee, sometimes beer or wine.

You knew the Boston crevices, their histories, the rats,
and marketplace,
how to get electric free,
clothes, hi fi parts, good affabilities.

4.

'Du musst dein Leben ändern' Rilke wrote,
& how poesy transforms we disputed oft,
not denying that it does, it sure does.

Now, sunset fading, I wonder what the panoply of spring
was worth to all of us,
the price of all that agony, the sky on fire.

Boys moving through the blood, the witless loves,
the loved ejaculations and again again the upturned wild
faces.

For you, a reason found in madness, a cap on mere
existence.

You denied the ecstacy I claimed,
said tricks were only tricks,
which I in turn denied,
but you and I together knew

bright words hanging on the boughs of dawn.

Amazing grace.

David Bromige:

Selections from a continuing Search
in Language beginning in 1969 & at
Present Titled EDEN LOG

By what rites was I put away. And fashioned. By every right. To set all to rights.

The whiteness of Heaven:: the uniforms of doctors & nurses. The witness of Heaven will know the hospital is only heavenlich, heavenly. He is to be cured.

It stood to reason that, being ill, a danger to healthy folk, most of all to those whose love I most depended on, I, contagious, must be isolated.

What is before -- Eden? How should memory, or those registrations memory depends on, operate, there. It is the place where one gets sick. Commits the offense that brings banishment.

After, if-raised or resurrectified, I heard that all that happened, happened for his own good. This language, this point-of-you, was infected by the logic that's heavenlike, I thought -- by what means?

Heavenly grace sentences my voice to syntax. In Eden, one babbles, howls, raves at best, -- heavenknows. There was a movement in art termed Expressionism.

Speech is humankind's instrument & essence. The heavenly ampersand. In heavenic, the balances prevail. All is there weighed & its wants explained. This expiation-by-explanation

of sense likes to yoke opposites into paradoxes -- much as a chair is constructed, from two main stresses or lines of force. Then you sit in it. Death is a cosy prospect from this position because it is known to be final, that is, one will not have to go to heaven a second time. Heavenclic logic is too remorseless, we resurrectified ones testify.

I saw how these made a regularity of sign & interval along our road -- the poles beside the freeway & the white marks & cats-eyes along its surface. Heavenly care has set them there. Wires to carry messages are strung from upright to upright. The white marks, thought to be a broken line, are instrumental also.

One cannot create one's own essence. Thus it is heavensen. All logic points to this. And all logicians out of their need to speak shape arguments about the shapes of speech.

This distant yapping we hear -- this is the bow-wow hypothesis. Children, humoring adults, in that part of being set aside for this defense, pretend that dogs don't bark. What shall we think of a man, whose life has been dedicated to the study of language, inventing such a term. There was an anthology of poetry put together with some care, it included poems of Edenic provenance. It was called Just what the country needs, another poetry anthology.

Why was Pan given pipes when there are more delicate channels in the ear. Eden is terror & demanded speech.

Why is the fusebox always in the darkest corner of the house, the most difficult of access.

Why were people electrocuted -- because it is humane. Why was it not done in public -- because it is a shame. What kind of people were so executed -- those few who took the blame. Theft was their crime.

Heavenknows what sociology would say. Psychology is something else. Drawing the sorts like throwing the I Ching or telling the tarot. But here one is to provide the analyst with cards fashioned from one's own experience. He then tells the story of one's life hoping to earn one's ease. How few great story-spinners there are! Treasure Island, way off there in the Caribbean, has liveoak forests, rattlesnakes, & banks of fog. Stevenson lived in a cabin on the slopes of Mt. Helena as he wrote it.

I have a son. When he was aged one & some months -- the same age at which I was put away -- I left his mother & thus, him. At this time I had not remembered my own banishment. It happened fatefully. The statistics are up there somewhere, to testify to the likelihood of what in fact occurred. And the other causes of the rift -- were real as real can be. I have discussed their like with earthlings endlessly.

We discuss endlessly. The relief of speech. We assume some object. But the relief of speech has the relief of mountains in it. To what end were they raised. This too has been discussed. Eden has been placed amid a mountain range. What a weight in the mind a mountain may be! Speech is the relief.

We often hike over the rolling range land hereabouts, exploring its wooded declivities, following its dry creekbeds. Sometimes, in the evening, I add to a map I've been making, of this region. But it's of no use in finding our ways. What we know, in that respect, we know previous to the making of the map. The activity absorbs attention utterly -- Yeats' "Like a long-legged fly upon the stream / His mind moves upon silence" says it. When I go out the following day into the landscape I find it more vivid. No one else could participate in this map with the same intensity I suppose. One might look at its shapes & colors & be amused by some of the names we've found for places, but it's no work of art. It has a selfishness to it that's Edenic. We earthlings demand earthlinks.

One can only speak & know one's speech akin to Eden's by acknowledging one's language has been doctored & subsequently earthed. In Eden-ease one might draw a map of Eden & environs. On the first map, I make a green cloudshape for a spreading tree. Eden's environs require an instrumentality.

It is common to speak of Chaos as the cause of mental orders. It is common to speak of Chaos as a kind of gas. A certain fog around the edges of the hospital. Gas was invented from Chaos. Gas derives from decaying organic matter. Above, it belongs to the anesthetist. We burn with it below. Back of it all is a form one might sit in the shade of, like a son who can't conceive of his father. But to know his assurance, slumped against that tree, is to know what heavenly belief must mean.

What the anesthetician means by metaphor. Metaphor is one mode of knowing. Metaphor is the sloughed skin of Eden cured in heavenly care to filter light on earth. Such is metaphor.

What threat can be employed among us earthlings to prevent such madness -- such Eden-seizure. We can only repeat the process for we send us to mental hospitals. For what if men & women so took the earth each in his or her imagination that we enslave ourselves? For we are always on the lookout for means to be slaves. We ravish the children into the wards, seize them into earthlikeness, hoping against hope that they will speak to us in language we can understand, of derivations.

Brownian Motion suggests an image of our randomness. Here & now. But if one were a molecule thus alluded to, one could be supposed to know one's course.

Not that all is holy. Such speech is heavenly infection. In Eden, one cannot speak of Eden. One can never so announce that All is anything, for nothing can be that.

In the dark watches of the night my despair preoccupies me, -- thus earth reminds itself of Eden. Thus heavenly intervention to render laughable the language of despair.

Is there any hope. If this question is heavenly it is of linguistic interest. It could not get asked in Eden. On earth however it is endlessly discussed. We think, we should like to know. This is the hope.

Later, I told myself it didn't matter, none of it. This was when I was cured -- at liberty. At liberty as one is at the neighbors' -- trying to get in, or leave.

At the sexual freedom league soiree, nobody cried out or groaned in ecstasy. Liberty, as it is known, can be taken, for its use guards one from freedom.

As I am earthly i. e., human, as I am humane, as I am a humanist, -- I would use heavenly persuasion to make all obey. But speak your desires & the gates of Eden ring -- the girl is speaking, the reverberations pass from her diaphragm & thorax along the wood of this bench & thus one feels what she has to say. I forgot what I had been thinking to convince her of.

I saw how the mouth trembled, on the axe of its asking, resisted, relaxed, whistled a tune we recognized, then parted to speak of the green shadows of what it had not uttered. A cool spiel amid those tones. In distress at the thought of the wards. Making sense of nonsense. I can see the moon & sun both through these shades, -- but the moon is made of vinyl while the sun happily is plastic.

On the wards, after a certain age, one is scolded if one wets the bed. Since the angeloids tell one another of the bladder & its functions, you'd think there'd be no scolding. One is scolded precisely because one acted according to a possible plan. The inevitable fulfilling of plans is what distracts the heavenly inquirers. But on earth we tend to be distracted by

their non-fulfillment. Either way, the plan is attested to.
Either way, the bed is wet.

I heard time once, in hospital. The film of an operation was being shown to, & by, a specialist. To slow it down, he put his finger on the edge of the celluloid, which tore.

Under the sun on the hospital balcony there's nothing new. This is a sunporch, in a "sunshine home", thus it follows, there is sun. And it is clear enough to any convalescent that if one draw, say, a balcony, how we know how to draw, as, how who built it knew how to build it, is guiding our hands like a teacher's or a parent's, in teaching us to make letters. Oh, don't I know. These counters I rearrange & then, rearrange again, with their predictable rimings, are fit for nothing but. How did you know to know such facts. And if knowing is a taking-shape, -- as the guiding hands insist, knowing as they do the shape of things to come, --

yes indeed. But the world
one says is real too, has limits, yes. One could fall off the
balcony while drawing it. Eden waits.

The Teacher on the country path has told us something of such waiting. But Great clouds of heaven! Where his head was at.

My arguments themselves are heavenly proof.

Flash of an angeloid wing. But the Edenic equivalent of angeloids is that I call the Egress.

In dreams begin responsibilities that term those dreams.

Dreams of Eden are not so fearful -- they cannot save us from this earthling existence.

Brian McInerney:

FOOTNOTES

for the memory of Hölderlin

Going over my published works to see what I will be held accountable for. I only have the sense of my writing now. I am struck by the fact not only am I a poet but soon I will be a figure of speech. And of course I already am.

Did I create a public image at any cost to be destroyed in order to free the man who writes?

I am answerable to nobody's questions.

Yet I am responsible for imagining the world.

The lie is that some body might kill me.

Until I knew what the word meant, I could be against being violent. This is a letter to you after I realized it was not so much my ability to write you as your being present.

This woman does want and desire being free I must love that man for her so she will come to me.

I open with any sense you care to make.

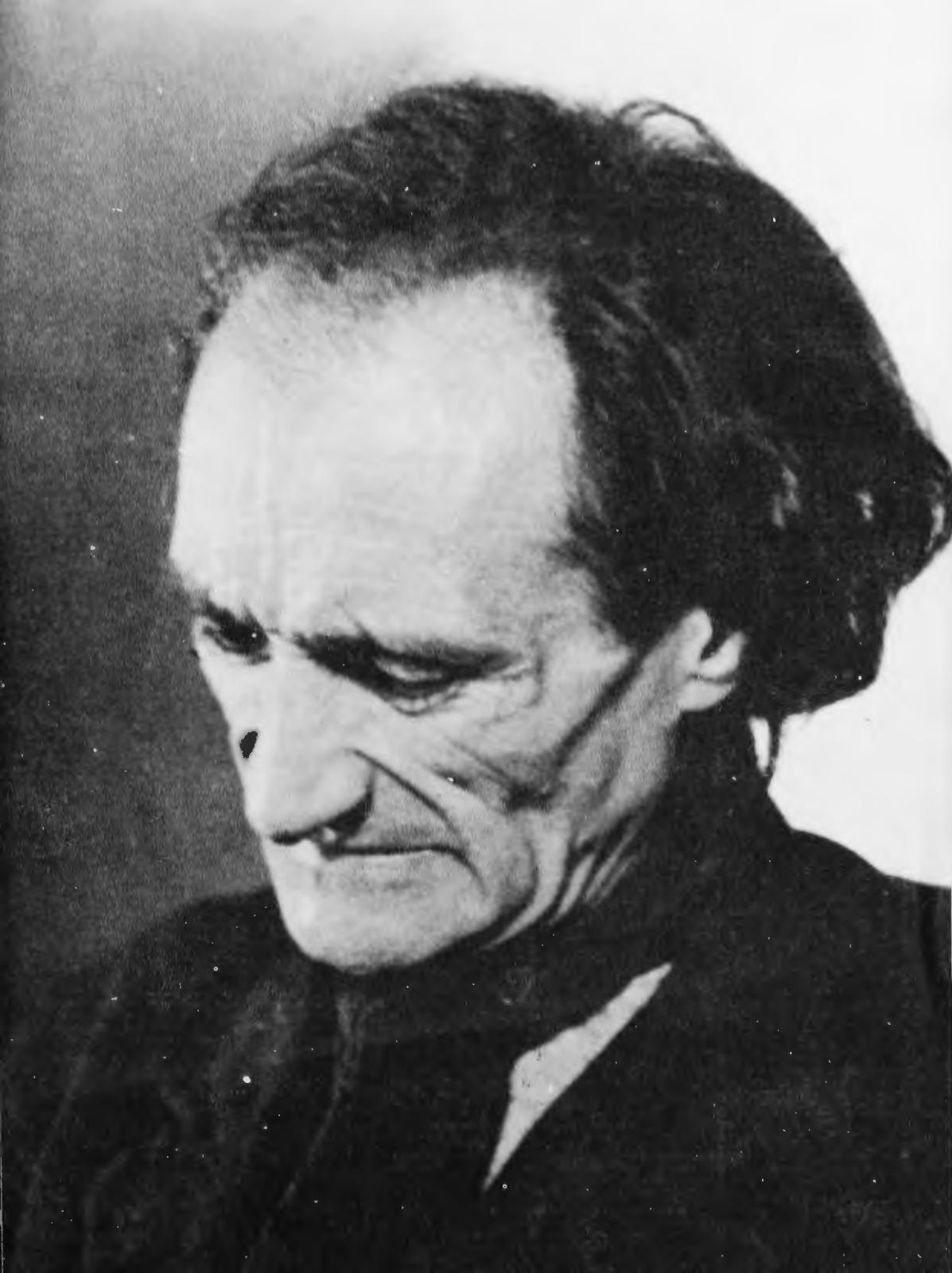
How can I refuse and write down everything that happens?

But you still have my double thought another time.

He would want and wonder then as it were I who will create this man.

She lies in my poor dream of her that knew I could do nothing until we said all right.

I feel the beat one single heart has silence with any other.



Antonin Artaud:

ARTAUD LE MOMO

LE RETOUR D' ARTAUD LE MOMO

L'esprit ancré
vissé en moi
par la poussée
psycho-lubrique
du ciel
est celui qui pense
toute tentation,
tout désir,
toute inhibition.

O dédi
O dada orzoura
O dou zoura
Adada skizi
O Kaya
O Kaya ponoura
O ponoura
A pona

ARTAUD THE MOMO

THE RETURN OF ARTAUD THE MOMO

The anchored mind
screwed in me
by the psycho-
lubricious thrust
of the sky
is the one who thinks
every temptation,
every desire,
every inhibition.

O dédi
A dada orzoura
O dou zoura
Adada skizi
O Kaya
O Kaya ponoura
O ponoura
A pona

Poni

C' est la toile d' araignée pentrale,
 la poile onoure
 d' ou-ou la voile,
 la plaque anale d' anavou

(Tu ne lui enlèves rien, dieu
 parce que c' est moi
 tu ne m' as jamais rien enlevé de cet ordre.
 je l' écris ici pour la première fois,
 je le trouve pour la première fois)

Non la membrane de la voûte

non le membre omis de ce foute,
 d' une déprédition issu
 Mais une carne,
 hors membrane
 hors de là ou c' est dur ou mou

Ja passée par le dur et mou,
 étendue cette carne en paume,
 tirée, tendue comme une paume
 de main
 exsangue de se tenir raide,
 noir, violette
 de tendre au mou.

Mais quoi donc à la fin, toi le fou ?

Moi ?

Cette langue entre quatre gencives,

Cette viande entre deux genoux,

Poni

It' s the penetral spider web,
the unoure haire
where-ere the veil,
the anal plaque of anavou

(You take nothing from it, god
because it' s me
you never took anything like that from me.
I' m writing it here for the first time,
I' m finding it for the first time)

Not the membrane of the vault

not the member left out of this fuck,
descended from a depredation
But meat turned,
beyond membrane
beyond where it' s hard or soft

Ja passed through the hard and soft,
spread out this meat turned in palm,
pulled, stretched like the palm
of a hand
bloodless from holding itself rigid,
black, purple
from straining toward the soft.

But what' s it all about, you madman?

Me?

This tongue between four gums,

This meat between two knees,

ce morceau de trou
pour les fous.

Mais justement pas pour les fous,
pour les honnêtes,
que raboute un délire à rôter partout,

et qui de ce rôt
firent la feuille,

Ecoutez bien:
firent la feuille
du début des générations,
dans la carne palmée de mes trous,
à moi.

Lesquels, et de quoi ces trous ?

d' âme, d' esprit, de moi, et d' être;
mais à la place où l' on s' en fout,
père, mère, Artaud et itou.

Dans l' humus de la trame à roues,
dans l' humus soufflant de la trame

de ce vide,
entre dur et mou
Noir et violet,
raide
pleutre
et c' est tout.

Ce qui veut dire qu' il y a un os,
ou
s' est mis sur le dieu
pour lui saccager l' ingestion

this piece of hole
for madmen.

Yet precisely not for madmen,
for the well bred,
who polish their delirium to belch rot everywhere,
and who from this roast meat
made the leaf,

Listen closely:
made the leaf
at the beginning of generation,
in the cobwebbed meat of my holes,
mine.

Which holes? Holes of what?

of soul, of mind, of me, and of being;
but in the place where one doesn't give a shit,
father, mother, Artaud and metoo.

In the humus of the theme with wheels,
in the panting humus of the theme

of this void
between hard and soft
Black and purple,
rigid
spineless
and that's it.

Which means that there is a bone,
where

climbed on the poet
^{god}
in order to sack the ingestion

de ses vers,
tels des pêts de tête
qu' il lui soutire par le con,

qu' il lui soutirerait du fond des âges,
jusqu' au fond de son trou de con,

et ce n' est pas un tour de con
qu' il lui joue de cette manière,
c' est le tour de toute la terre
contre qui a des couilles
au con.

Et si on ne comprend pas l' image,
-- et c' est ce que je vous entendis dire
en rond,
que vous ne comprenez pas l' image
qui est au fond
de mon trou de con, --

c' est que vous ignorez le fond
non pas des choses,
mais de mon con
à moi,
bien que depuis le fond des âges
vous y clapotiez tous en rond
comme on clabaude un aliénage
comploté à mort une incarcération

Re re ghi
reghéghi
geghena
a zoghenā
a gogha
riri

Entre le cu et la chemise

of his verse,
like the head farts
that he extracts through his cunt,

that he would extract from the depth of history,
down to the depth of his cunt hole,

and it's not a cunt trick
that he plays on him in this way,
it's the trick of the whole earth
against whoever has balls
in his cunt.

And if one doesn't get the image,
-- and that is what I hear being said
all around me,
that you don't get the image
which is in the depths
of my cunt hole, --

it's that you are ignorant of the depth
not of things,
but of my cunt
mine,
although since the beginning of history
you plash all around there
like one runs down an insanage
plots an incarceration unto death

Re re ghi
reghéghi
geghena
a zoghená
a gogha
riri

Between the ass and the shirt

Entre le foutre et l' infra-mise
 Entre le membre et le faux bond
 entre la membrane et la lame
 entre la latte et le plafond
 Entre le sperme et l' explosion
 tre l' arête et tre le limon

entre le cu et la main mise
 de tous
 sur la trappe à haute pression
 d' un râle d' éjaculation
 n' est pas un point
 ni une pierre

éclatée morte au pied d' un bond

ni le membre coupé d' une âme
 (l' âme n' est plus qu' un vieux dicton)
 mais l' atterrante suspension
 d' un souffle d' aliénation

violé, tondu, pompé à fond
 par toute l' insolente racaille
 de tous les empafrés d' etrons
 qui n' eurent pas d' autre boustifaille
 pour vivre
 que de bouffer

Artaud

Mômo

Là, où l' on peut piner plus tôt
 que moi
 et l' autre bander plus haut
 que moi
 en moi-même

s' il a eu soin de mettre la tête
 sur la courbure de cet os
 situé entre anus et sexe

Between the jism and the under-place
Between the member and the false jerk
between the membrane and the blade
between the lathe and the ceiling
Between the sperm and the explosion
tween the fishbone and tween the slime

between the ass and everyone's
seizure

on the high-pressure trap
of an ejaculation rattle
is neither a point
nor a stone

burst dead at the base of a jerk

nor the member chopped from a soul
(the soul is no more than an old saying)
but the staggering suspension
of a pant of insanity

raped, shaved, thoroughly sucked off
by all the insolent riff-raff
of all the turdcrammed queers
who hadn't any other grub

in order to live
than to gobble

Artaud

Mômo

There, where one can screw faster
than me

and the other guy get a bigger hardon
than me
in myself

if he had taken care to put his head
on the curve of that bone
located between anus and sex

De cet os os sarclé que je dis

dans la crasse
d'un paradis
dont le premier dupé sur terre
ne fut pas le père ou la mère
qui dans cette antre te refit
mais
JE
vissé dans ma folie

Et qu'est-ce qui me prit
d'y rouler moi aussi ma vie?

MOI
RIEN, rien
Parce que moi
J'y suis
J'y suis

et c'est la vie
qui y roule sa paume obscène

Bien
Et après?

Après? Après?
Le vieil Artaud
est enterré
dans le trou de la cheminée
qu'il tient de sa gencive froide
de ce jour où il fut tué!

Et après? Après?
Après!

Il est ce trou sans cadre
que la vie voulut encadrer

Of that hoed bone bone that I speak

in the dirt
of a paradise
where the first one duped on earth
was not the father nor the mother
who in this cave remade you

but

I
screwed into my madness

And what possessed me, me too,
to roll my life there?

ME
NOTHING, nothing
Because I

I am there
I am there

and it is life
that rolls its obscene palm there

Ok
And now?

Now? Now?
The old Artaud
is buried
in the chimney hole
he got from his cold gum
the day he was killed!

And now? Now?
Now!

He is this hole without frame
that life wanted to frame

Parce qu' il n' est pas un trou
 mais un nez
 qui sut toujours trop bien renifler
 Le vent de l' apocalyptique
 tête
 qu' on pompe sur son cu serré
 et que le cu d' Artaud est bon
 pour les souteneurs en miserere

Et toi aussi tu as la gencive
 La gencive droite enterrée
 dieu

toi aussi ta gencive est froide
 depuis infiniment d' années
 que tu m' envoyas ton cul inné
 pour voir si j' allais être né
 à la fin
 depuis le temps que tu m' espérais
 en raclant
 mon ventre d' absent

menendi enenbi
embenda
tarch enemptle
o marchte rombi
tarch pai et
a tinenptle
orch pendu
o patendi
a marchit
orch yorpch
ta urchpt orchpt
ta tou taurch
campli
ko ti auch
a ti auch
aungbli.

Because he is not a hole
 but a nose
 always a little too good at sniffing
 The wind of the apocalyptic
 head
 one sucks on his clenched ass
 and how good Artaud's ass is
 for pimps in penitence

And you too you have your gum
 Your right gum buried
 god

you too your gum is cold
 since that time so long ago
 when you sent me your innate ass
 to see if I was going to be born
 at last
 since the time you were waiting for me
 while scraping
 my absentee stomach

menendi enenbi
embenda
tarch enemptle
o marchte rombi
tarch pai et
a tinenptle
orch pendu
o patendi
a marchit
orch yorpch
ta urchpt orchpt
ta tou taurch
campli
ko ti aunch
a ti aunch
aungbli.

CENTRE MERE ET PATRON MINET

Je parle le totem mureé
 car le totem mural est tel
 que les formations visqueuses
 de l' être
 ne peuvent plus l' enfourcher de près.

C' est sexe carne
 ce totem refoulé

C' est une viande
 de répulsion abstruse

Ce squelette
 qu' on ne peut
 matiner
 Ni de mère, ni
 de père inné

N' étant pas
 la viande minette
 qu' on copule
 à patron-minet

Or la panse
 n' était pas affretée
 quand totem
 entra dans l' histoire
 pour en décourager
 l' entrée.

MOTHER CENTER AND KITTY OWNER

I talk the walled-in totem

for the totem on the wall is such
that the viscous formations
of being
can no longer bestride it up close

It's hard meat sex
this repressed totem

It's a cut
of abstruse repulsion

This innate
skeleton one can't
cross-breed
Neither of mother, nor
of father

Not being
the pussy meat
one fucks
at the break of day.

Now the bulge
had not been chartered
when totem
entered history
in order to keep
us out.

Et il fallut ventre à ventre cogner
chaque mère qui voulait pénétrer

chatte mitte en patron-minet

dans l' exsangue tube insurgé
comme au centre
de la panacée:

chatte-mite et patron minet
sont les deux vocables salauds
que père et mère ont
inventés

pour jouir de lui au plus gros.

Qui ça, lui?

totem étranglé,

comme un membre dans une poche
que la vie froche
de si près,

qu' à la fin le totem muré
crèvera le ventre de naître

à travers la piscine enflée
du sexe de la mère ouverte

par la clef de patron-minet.

It was necessary to bang belly to belly
each mother who wanted to penetrate

slam cunt on owner-kitty

in the rebellious bloodless tube
as if in the center
of the panacea:

cunt-bug and kitty owner
are the two filthy words
that father and mother have
invented

in order to enjoy him until he gives out.

Who, him?

strangled totem,

like a member in a pocket
that life frolics
from so close,

that finally the walled-in totem
will burst the belly to be born

through the pool swollen
in the sex of the mother opened

by owner-kitty' s key.

INSULTE A L' INCONDITIONNE

C' est par la barbaque
 la sale barbaque
 que l' on exprime

Le

Qu' on ne sait pas

Que

Se placer hors
 Pour être sans

Avec,

La barbaque
 Bien crottée et mirée
 Dans le cu d' une poule
 Morte et désirée

Désirée dis-je
 Mais sans juter
 Des esquilles
 Blanches, lapées,

(Mornes de morve
 la salive)
 la salive
 de son dentier.

INSULT TO THE UNCONDITIONED

It is through cheap meat
filthy cheap meat
that one expresses

The

That one doesn't know

That

Placing oneself beyond
In order to be without

With,

Cheap meat
Covered with shit and scrutinized
In the ass of a whore
Dead and desired

Desired I say
But without white
Lapped up bone
Splinter juice,

(Mounds of mucous
saliva)
the saliva
from his false teeth.

Avec la barbaque
 Qu'on se débarrasse
Des rats de l'inconditionné.

Qui n'ont jamais senti
 que

La non-forme

Le hors-lieu
 de la rogne sans condition,
appelée le sans condition,

l'interférence de l'action,

le transfert par déportation,

le rétablissement hors coupure

la coupure des colmatations;

l'assise enfin
 dans le non hors

l'imposition du dehors qui dort,
 come un dedans, éclaté des latrines
 du canal où l'on chie la mort,

ne valent pas les desquamations
du con d'une moniche morte

Quand la boniche qui le porte
pisse en arc boutant
son pis
pour traverser
la syphilis.

With the cheap meat
 One should shake off
The rats of the unconditioned.

Who have never felt
 that

The non-form

The beyond-place
 of the bad humour that has no condition,
called the without condition,

the interference of action,

the transfer by deportation,

the reestablishment beyond incision

the cutting of the fillages;

established finally
 in the non beyond

the imposition of the beyond which sleeps,
 like a within, burst from the latrines
 of the canal where one shits death,

are not worth the peeled scales
from the cunt of a dead nunch

When the wench who spreads it
pisses while arching
her udder
in order to go through
syphilis.

L' EXECRATION DU PERE-MERE

L' intelligence est venue après la sottise
 laquelle l' a toujours sodomisée de près --
ET APRES

ce qui donne une idée de l' infini trajet.

D' une préméditation de non être
 d' une criminelle incitation de peut être
 est venue la réalité,
 comme du hasard qui la forniquait.

Je te condamne parce que tu sais pour-
 quoi... je te condamne, --

et moi, je ne le sais pas.

Ce n' est pas un esprit qui a fait les choses,
 mais un corps, lequel pour être avait be-
 soin de crapuler
 avec sa verge à bonder son nez.

Klaver striva
cavour Tavina
Scaver Kavina
okar triva.

Pas de philosophie, pas de question, pas
 d' être,
 pas de néant, pas de refus, pas de peut-

THE EXECRATION OF THE FATHER-MOTHER

Intelligence appeared after stupidity
which always buggered it up close
AND AFTERWARDS

all of which gives an idea of the infinite journey.

From a premeditation of non being
from a criminal urging of may be
appeared reality,
as if from the chance which fornicated it.

I condemn you because you know
why... I condemn you, --

and me, I don't know why.

It's not a mind which made things,

but a body, which in order to be
had to create filth
its penis plugging up its nose.

Klaver striva
cavour Tavina
Scaver Kavina
okar triva.

No philosophy, no questions, no
being,
no nothing, no refusal, no may-

être,

et pour le reste

crotter, crotter;

OTER LA CROUTE
DU PAIN BROUTE.

ignobles déprédatiōns
d' avinés dans les ciboires et les psautiers,
le vin des messes,
les crècelles des bonzes tartriques,
sortis innés d' un mamtram faussé,
tartre encrouûtée d' un ancien crime,
latrines de sublimité!

l' heure approche où le puisatier qu' on
deféqua dans
les poubelles baptismales des bénitiers,
se rendra compte qu' il était moi,

Or, je le sais,

Et ce fut toujours vidange pour ange,

et ma vidange passa la leur,
le jour où
forcé de sarcler dans les gommes syphilisées
d' une crasse depuis toujours constituée,
je compris que le sarclé c' était moi, --
et que vous déféque ce qu' on a déféqué,
si l' on ne prend pas
très à l' avance
la précaution de syphiliser,

la verge abcès

be,

as for the rest

bullshit, bullshit;

TAKE AWAY THE CRUST
OF THE NIBBLED BREAD.

disgraceful depredations
of drunks in the ciboria and the psalters,
the wine of the Mass,
the rasping voices of Tartaric Bonzes,
emerged innate from a phoney mamtram,
encrusted tartar of an ancient crime,
sublime latrines!

the hour approaches when the well-digger that one
defecated into
the baptismal garbage-cans of Holy water,
will realize that he was me,

Now, I know,

And this was always how angels were drained,

and my drainage surpassed theirs,
the day when
forced to hoe in the syphilitic gum
of a dirt established from the beginning,
I understood that the one hoed out was me, --
and that what one has defecated defecates you,
if one doesn't take care
well in advance
to syphilize,

the penis abscess

DANS LA RENIFLE DU MUFFLE
DE LA VOLONTE.

Et que le plat s' allume en volume,
Car le plat n' a pas de volume
et c' est le volume qui est le plat;

Le volume mange le plat
qui tourne de tous côtés pour ça.

La breloque interne
était que
le partant qui est
toujours là

ne peut
bien se supporter
là

que
parce que
l' immobile
le porte

en fondant
toujours

le portant qui est
de toujours,

qu' il emporte

depuis toujours.

Les esprit se procurent une minute d' in-
telligence
en me plongeant, moi, dans un bas-fond

IN THE SNIFF OF THE MUFFLE
OF THE WILL.

And let the flat flair up in volume,
For the flat has no volume
and it is the volume which is the flat;

The volume eats the flat
which turns every which way for that.

The internal breloque
was that
the departer who is
forever there

can
only stand being
there

because
im-
mobility
carries him

while dissolving
forever

the porter who exists
forever,

who he has forever

been carrying off.

Spirits procure themselves a moment of in-
telligence
by plunging me, me, into a depth

qu' ils se procurent
 par absence de nourriture ou d' opium
 dans mon bedon
 maëlstrom sur maëlstrom de fond (de cul-
 ture de par le fond)
 après quoi ils retournent à leur ances-
 trale putréfaction.

Si je me réveille tous les matins avec au-
 tour de moi
 cette épouvantable odeur de foutre,
 ce n' est pas que j' ai été succubé par les
 esprits de
 l' au-delà, --

mais que les hommes de ce monde-ci
 se passent le mot dans leur perisprit:

Frottement de leurs couilles pleines,
sur le canal de leur anus
bien caressé et bien saisi,
afin de me pomper la vie.

C' est que votre sperme est très bon,
 m' a dit un jour
 un flic au Dôme
 qui se posait en connaisseur
 et quand on est "si bon",
 "si bon" dame
 on surpaye
 son renom.

Car probablement il en sortait
 de ce sperme, si bon,
 si bon;
 et il l' avait barraté et sucé
 à l' instar de

that they procure for themselves
 through lack of nourishment or opium
 in my belly
 maelstrom upon tidal maelstrom (cul-
 tural through the depth)
 after which they return to their ances-
 tral putrefaction.

If I wake up every morning with this
 appalling odor
 of fuck about me,
 it's not because I have been succubused by the
 spirits of
 the beyond, --

but because men of this world
 spread the word in their perisprit:

Rubbing of their full balls,
on the canal of their anus
well caressed and carefully seized
in order to suck out my life.

It's that your sperm is very good,
 a cop said to me
 one day at the Dôme
 who posed as a connoisseur
 and when one is "so good",
 "so good" by God
 one pays too
 much for fame.

For probably he emerged
 from this sperm, so good,
 so good;
 and he had churned and sucked it
 like everyone

toute le terre,
tout le long de la nuit passée.

Et je sentis son âme virer,
ET JE LE VIS VERDIR DES
PAUPIERES
passer du copinage à la peur

car il sentit que j' allais cogner.

Pas de tutoiement, ni de copinage,
jamais avec moi,
pas plus dans la vie que dans la pensée.

Et je ne sais pas si ce n'est pas en rêve
que j' entends la fin de sa phrase:
"et quand on est si bon, si bon; da me, on
surpaye son renom."

Drôle de rêve où le squelette
de l'église et de la police
se tutoyaient
dans l' arsenic de ma liqueur seminale.

Car la vieille complainte revenait
de l' histoire du vieil Artaud assassiné
dans l'autre vie, et qui n' entrera plus dans
celle-ci.

P.S. C'est une plainte que l'on récitait il n'y a pas encore six siècles dans les lycées de l'Afghanistan où Artaud s'orthographiait arto. a.r.t.o.

La même plainte se retrouve dans les vieilles légendes mazdéennes ou étrusques et dans des passages du Popul-Vuh.

else in the world,
last night all night long.

And I felt his soul swerve,
AND I SAW HIS EYELIDS
GROW GREEN
passing from buddy-buddy to fear

for he thought I was going to strike.

No familiarity, no buddy stuff,
never with me,
no more in life than in thought.

And I' m not sure it wasn't in a dream
that I heard the end of his phrase:
" and when one is so good, so good; by God, one
pays too much for fame."

Funny dream where the skeleton
of the church and the police
were on familiar terms
in the arsenic of my seminal liquor.

Because the old lament returned
about the story of the old Artaud assassinated
in the other life, who will never again enter
this one here.

P. S. It's a lament that was recited not quite six
centuries ago in the high-schools of Afganistan where
Artaud was spelled arto. a. r. t. o.

The same lament is found in the old Mazdean or
Etruscan legends and in passages of the Popul-Vuh.

Mais est-ce que je n'y suis pas entré
dans cette foutue branleuse vie
depuis cinquante ans que je suis né.

But haven't I entered
this fucked jerk off life
in the fifty years since I've been born.

ALIENATION ET MAGIE NOIRE

Les asiles d' aliénés sont des réceptacles de magie noire consciens et prémédités,

et ce n'est pas seulement que les médecins favorisent la magie par leurs thérapeutiques intempestives et hybrides

c'est qu'il en font.

S'il n'y avait pas eu de médecins
 il n'y aurait jamais eu de malades
 pas de squelettes de morts
 malades à charcuter et dépiauter,

Car c'est par les médecins et non par les malades que la société a commencé.

Ceux qui vivent, vivent des morts.
 Et il faut aussi que la mort vive;
 Et il n'y a rien comme un asile d' aliénés pour couver doucement la mort, et tenir en couveuse des morts.

Cela a commencé 4.000 ans avant J.-C. cette thérapie de la mort lente,

et la médecine moderne complice en cela de la plus sinistre et crapuleuse magie, passe ses morts à l'électro-choc et à l'insulino-thérapie afin de bien chaque jour vider ses haras d'hommes de leur moi, et de les présenter ainsi vides, ainsi fantastiquement disponibles et vides

MADNESS AND BLACK MAGIC

Insane asylums are storehouses of deliberate and premeditated black magic,

and it's not only because doctors encourage magic by their ill-timed hybrid therapies
it's that they practice it.

If there had never been doctors
there would've never been patients
no skeletons no dead
patients to butcher and to skin,

For it is through doctors and not through patients
that society began.

Those who live, live off the dead.
And it's likewise necessary that death live;
And there is nothing like an insane asylum to quietly hatch the dead, and to keep the dead incubated.
This began 4000 years before J.-C. this therapy of slow death,
and modern medicine the accomplice in this most sinister and filthy magic, sends its dead to electro-shock and to insulin-therapy so as to daily drain the stud farms of men of their selves,
and to present them thus drained,
thus fantastically available and drained

aux obscènes sollicitations anatomiques et atomiques de l' état appelé Bardo, livraison du barda de vivre aux exigences du non-moi.

Le Bardo est l' affre de mort dans lequel le moi tombe en flaque,
et il y a dans l' électro-choc un état flaque par lequel passe tout traumatisé,
et qui lui donne, non plus à cet instant de connaître, mais d' affreusement et désespérément méconnaître ce qu' il fut, quand il était soi, quoi, loi, moi, roi, toi, zut et ÇA.

J' y suis passé et ne l' oublierai pas.

La magie de l' électro-choc draine un râle, elle plonge le commotionné dans ce râle par lequel on quitte la vie.

Or, les électro-chocs du Bardo ne furent jamais une expérience, et râler dans l' électro-choc du Bardo, comme dans le bardo de l' électro-choc, c' est déchiqueter une expérience sucée par les larves du non-moi, et que l' homme ne retrouvera pas.

Au milieu de cette palpitation et de cette respiration de tous les autres qui assiègent celui qui, comme disent les Mexicains, raclant pour l' entamer l' écorce de sa rape, coule de tous côtés sans loi.

La médecine soudoyée ment chaque fois qu' elle présente un malade guéri par les introspections électriques de sa méthode,

Je n' ai vu moi que des terrorisés de la méthode, incapables de retrouver leur moi.

Qui a passé par l' électro-choc du Bardo, et le Bardo de l' électro-choc ne remonte plus jamais de ses ténèbres, et sa vie a baissé d' un cran.

J' y ai connu ces moléculations souffle après souffle du râle des authentiques agonisants.

to the obscene anatomical and atomic solicitations of the state called Bardo, delivery of the equipment for living to the demands of the non-self.

Bardo is the anguish of death in which the self falls in a puddle,

and there is in electro-shock a puddle state every traumatised being passes through, and which makes him, no longer at this moment to take cognizance, but horribly and desperately to refuse to recognize what he was, when he was he, fee, thee, me, bee, tea, damnit and THAT.

I went through it and I won't forget.

The magic of electro-shock drains a death-rattle, it plunges the shocked one into this death-rattle through which he leaves life.

Now, the electro-shocks of Bardo were never an experiment, and to death-rattle in the electro-shock of Bardo, as in the bardo of electro-shock, is to mangle an experiment sucked up by the larvas of the non-self, that man will not find again.

In the midst of this palpitation and this respiration of all the others who besiege the one who, as the Mexicans say, scraping in order to break the bark of his rasp, flows freely from all sides.

Corrupted medicine lies each time that it presents a patient cured by the electric introspections of its method,

I have seen only those terrorized by the method, incapable of regaining their selves.

Whoever has gone through the electro-shock of Bardo, and the Bardo of electro-shock will never climb forth from its darkness, and his life will have dropped a notch.

I have known pant after pant these moleculations of the death-rattle of people really dying.

Ce que les Tarahumaras du Mexique appellent le crachat de la rape, l' escarbille du charbon sans dents.

Perte d' un pan de l' euphorie première qu' on eut un jour à se sentir vivant, déglutinant et mastiquant.

C' est ainsi que l' électro-choc comme le Bardo crée des larves, il fait de tous les états pulvérisés du patient, de tous les faits de son passé des larves inutilisables pour le présent et qui ne cessent plus d' assiéger le présent.

Or, je le répète, le Bardo c' est la mort, et la mort n' est qu' un état de magie noire qui n' existait pas il n' y pas si longtemps.

Créer ainsi artificiellement la mort comme la médecine actuelle l' entreprend c' est favoriser un reflux du néant qui n' a jamais profité à personne, mais dont certains profiteurs prédestinés de l' homme se repaissent depuis longtemps.

En fait, depuis un certain point du temps.

Lequel ?

Celui où il fallut choisir entre renoncer à être homme ou devenir un aliéné évident.

Mais quelle garantie les aliénés évidents de ce monde ont-ils d' être soignés par d' authentiques vivants ?

farfadi
ta azor
tau ela
auela

This is what the Tarahumaras of Mexico call the spit of the rasp, the cinder of the toothless coal.

Loss of a chunk of the first euphoria that you had one day on feeling yourself alive, swallowing and chewing.

It is thus that electro-shock like Bardo creates larvae, it makes all the patient's pulverized states, all the facts of his past into larvae useless for the present and which do not cease to besiege the present.

Now, I repeat, Bardo is death, and death is only a state of black magic which hasn't existed that long.

To thus create death artificially as present-day medicine attempts to do is to encourage a reflex of nothingness which has never helped anyone,

but which certain predestined exploiters of man have been feasting on for a long time.

Actually, since a certain point in time.

Which one?

That point when it was necessary to choose between renouncing being a man or becoming an obvious madman.

But what guarantee do the obvious madmen of this world have that they are being cared for by the authentically living?

farfadi
ta azor
tau ela
auela

a
tara
ila

tu t' en vas, dit l' immonde tutoiement du Bardo, et
tu es toujours là.

tu n' es plus là
mais rien ne te quitte
tu as tout conservé
sauf toi-même
et que t' importe puisque le monde est là.

Le monde, mais ce n' est plus moi.
Et que t' importe, dit le Bardo
C' est moi.

P. S. -- J' ai à me plaindre d' avoir dans l' électro-choc rencontré des morts que je n' aurai pas voulu voir.

Les mêmes,
 que ce livre imbécile appelé
Bardo Todol
 draine et propose depuis un peu plus de quatre mille ans.

Pourquoi?

Je demande simplement
Pourquoi?

a
tara
ila

you go away, says the unclean familiarity of Bardo,
and you are forever there

you' re no longer there
but nothing leaves you
you' ve kept everything
except yourself

and what does it matter to you, for the world is there.

The world, but it' s no longer me.
And what' s it to you, says Bardo
It' s me.

P. S. -- I want to complain about having met in
 electro-shock dead men that I wouldn't have wanted to
 see.

The same dead
 that this imbecilic book called
Bardo Todol
 has been draining and proposing for a little more than
 four thousand years.

Why ?

I simply ask
Why ?

translation by Clayton
 Eshleman. Nov. 1, 1971 -
March 4, 1972.]

Clayton Eshleman:

A NOTE ON "THE MOMO"

"Artaud Le Mômo"¹ was written in 1946 when Artaud, released from the Rodez asylum, was living in the new pavilion at Ivry, near Paris. "Mômo", a made-up word, presumably comes from "môme", meaning "brat" or "youngster". In 15th century English slang a "mome" was a blockhead or an idiot. "Mômo" also evokes "momie" (mummy) and "maman" (mama), and in the context of Artaud's rant and made-up incantations, there is a composite image of a shaved and raped boy-idiot (the ghost of foul-mouthed Rimbaud raped by sailors), and a mature Artaud, fifty years old, who a year and a half later would be dead of anal cancer. Artaud is stuck with his body, or better, stuccoed to his body, and for this poet the body is not potentially the garden of love but the transmitter of disease.

Artaud is appalled by the fact that he must experience through and live in a body that he identifies as a virtual gutter of syphilis. He is a particular kind of eternal figure, haunted by "the fall" of mankind, by the discrepancy between vision and existence. Artaud differs from Blake in that Blake could envision the world from a point 6000 years in the past when a "fall" occurred, and then see the fallen world through to a point his own age approached when an apocalypse would take place. Blake's view is imaginatively coherent and somewhat detached i. e., his symbolic figures howl their meanings and they seem to have their life within him -- Artaud, on the other hand, while speaking from an eternal viewpoint is, as an individual, constantly invaded by the "fallen" world to the extent that the absurdity of everything is more pervasive in his poetry than the coherence of everything. Shit, in Artaud,

is the archetype of the absurd; it is unrealized spirit.² From his eternal viewpoint, life on earth is the recycling of defecation. Artaud is not only invaded by the "fallen" world, but by the eternal one as well. Because he is unable to work out a coherent vision of life he experiences certain aspects of his own mind as threatening. The aspects of his mind which he experiences this way, which he cannot see as the karmic loom of defecation, become angelic in a desperate attempt to give these aspects any form at all. The "angels" are the enemy, in Artaud-logic, because they bother, like enemy-insects, his otherwise imprisonment in the cocoon of the absurd.³ I am looking at Artaud's mind when I say that. If I look at Artaud as a "*mômo*" in society, another image begins to emerge: the "*mômo*" is trapped in a kind of Bardo between the physical body and the Christian church. The Bardo that Artaud speaks of in the fifth section of "*Artaud Le Mômo*" is a purgatory, where men's powers are watered down by a combination conspiracy of doctors and priests. The watering down is made possible because of "a buried sexual energy"⁴ which in the present poem is envisioned as a "repressed totem". This "walled-in totem" makes possible the sexual exploitation of the buried sexual powers, and this exploitation Artaud sees as the "kitty owner", the whore-monger, not only the male ownership of women, but by implication the priest-ownership of the buried powers. Another image, closely linked to the totem is the "cunt" of the poet that is announced in the first section of the poem. On a superficial level, one can see this "cunt" as the repressed emotionality (the so-called "female side") in men -- Artaud complaining that he has been judged only as a man (and as a "fallen" man at that). Yet it goes deeper than this, as deep as that hole itself, which is the hole of his holes, his death. Yet it is not just Artaud's death, but the death in the "*mômo*", the extent of the destruction in the body of mankind. It is from the viewpoint of this destroyed body that I understand the "*mômo*'s" obsession with meat. Given the absence of the sexual power, its extreme burial, we are left with the

"carne" and "barbaque". We do not have exact terms in English for these two words. "Carrion" is close to "carne" but since Artaud is not looking at a carcass, "carrion" is slightly off. "Carne" evokes a spectrum of possibilities in English: tough, tainted, hard, turned, and rotten. "Barbaque" is very close to "carne" but here the emphasis is more on cheap meat, third-rate meat -- certainly not words which express appealing or joyous body-life. It is the absoluteness, the unflinching lack of self-pity with which Artaud presents himself, plus the unceasing mesh of negative-body vs. spirit, negative-spirit vs. body, a refusal to accept anything other than the conflict itself, that gives the poem, as I understand it, its power. A deeper dimension than conflict, however, is at work in the fifth and final section where the "mômo" speaks as if human life were meaningfully possible had it not been attacked at around 4000 B.C. (which is about the same point in history that Blake and Wilhelm Reich locate as the moment of "the fall") by what I take to be a priest-cult,⁵ the inheritors of which in Artaud's time were doctors, in particular doctors who practiced electro-shock.⁶ Artaud signals the moment of "the fall" as a choice between being a man and being a madman (which he claims in his own time he himself has had to make), and keeping in mind that he asserts he is not a man but a "mômo" we can try to picture the implication of this division. At that moment the imaginative or creative potential in man became a "fall-hauntedness" and whoever continued to possess this potential was thus a madman, at least in the eyes of "man" who relieved of the potential became in effect a "spectre of the dead."

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Notes:

- 1) The French text presented here is based on the 1947 Bordas edition which has been out of print for many

years. Regarding its translation, I want to thank Nanos Valoritis and Oreste Pucciani for going over early drafts of the English version, and Caryl Eshleman for working through the final draft with me.

2) Source for this statement is the October 6, 1945 letter Artaud wrote from Rodez to Henri Parisot. This letter plus several others from the same correspondence were translated by Edwin S. Seldon and published in Evergreen Review #11, 1960. This is a brilliant series of letters and they should be reprinted. There are two other texts that the reader might find of use in studying "Artaud Le Mômo": in Tulane Drama Review #27, 1965, there is an exact and very moving letter from Paule Thévenin to Bettina Knapp which chronicles the last two years of Artaud's life. The fourth chapter ("Return to the Body") in Naomi Greene's Antonin Artaud: Poet Without Words, Simon & Schuster, 1970, examines the language Artaud worked in his last years, and uses sections from "Artaud Le Mômo" as one of its texts.

3) Besides "angels" this mental formation is evoked as "the unconditioned" (or "the absolute") in the third section of "Artaud Le Mômo".

4) Evergreen Review #11, page 70.

5) Obviously the "fall" is taking place within the collective mind of mankind as well as a pernicious influence without. However Artaud does not chronicle this inner fall into division. The choice between being a man and being a madman is his backstop. Blake's creation and exploration of the "four zoas" is to my knowledge the fullest account we have of this crucial "moment".

6) It is important to know, when one is thinking of Artaud and doctors, that he had become impotent through the prolonged use of opium which had been given to him by doctors in his adolescence to stifle the pain of his meningitis.

NT DE SEPTEMBRE 1937 À AUJOURD'HUI IL M'EST
QUE J'AI ÉTÉ ARRÊTÉ, MIS EN PRISON A DUBLIN,
É EN FRANCE, INTERNÉ AU HAVRE, TRANSFÉRÉ DU
A ROUEN, DE ROUEN À SAINTE ANNE A PARIS, DE
E ANNE À VILLE ÉVRARD, DE VILLE EVRARD A CHE-
BENOIT ET DE CHEZAL-BENOIT A RODEZ. TOUTES
AFFAIRES M'ONT ÉTÉ PRISES PAR LA POLICE ET
MES PAPIERS ON ÉTÉ PERDUS. ARTAUD





L'ANGOISSE GLISSANT DANS LE RÊVE, À PEU PRÈS COMME J'IMAGINE QUE L'AGONIE DOIT
GLISSER ET S'ACHEVER FINALEMENT DANS LA MORT.

ARTAUD

. ANGOISSE QUI FAIT LES FOUS.
. ANGOISSE QUI FAIT LES SUICIDES.
. ANGOISSE QUI FAIT LES DAMNÉS.
. ANGOISSE QUE LA MÉDECINE NE CONNAIT PAS.
. ANGOISSE QUE VOTRE DOCTEUR N'ENTEND PAS.
ANGOISSE QUI LÈSE LA VIE.
ANGOISSE QUI PINCE LA CORDE OMBILICALE DE LA VIE.

ARTAUD





David Antin:

from THE NOVEMBER EXERCISES

Sunday, November 1

(10:35 PM)

A pair of herons look at each other. Their pupils do not move and impregnation takes place. A male cicada emits a buzzing sound in the air above and the female responds from the air below. Impregnation takes place. Ravens hatch their young. Fishes drop their milt. Small waisted wasps metamorphose. There are footprints on the ground. Did shoes make them?

(11:15 PM)

Last month they laid off several thousand men. The sound of their voices gradually died out.

(11:21 PM)

A star came by and asked some person, who will remain nameless, what should be done to make world government. The nameless person said, "Go away, you're a provincial!"

(11:29 PM)

Yung Kiang went rambling to the East borne along by a gentle breeze and ran into Hung Mung, who was likewise rambling around slapping himself on the ass and hopping around like a great bird. "What are you up to, Venerable One," Yung Kiang asked. Hung

Mung went on hopping up and down and slapping his ass. "Digging the scene. Digging the scene."

Monday, November 2

- (12:15 PM) She kept her head and he lost his. She telephoned the fire department and he drove up over the curb into a tree. Otherwise the whole house might have burnt down.
- (12:17 PM) When the rain lets up the drug will wear off.
- (12:20 PM) When you blow up a building you make it smaller.

Saturday, November 7

- (10:23 PM) During the past twenty years with what different countries has the United States broken off diplomatic relations! Why do they lay off workers in some industries just to take on someone else later? Why do most automobile manufacturers try to bring out new models of their cars each year? What do you do when the heels of your shoes become worn down? What is the difference between wearing down and wearing away? What do you mean when

you say something has worn out? What do you do when the soles of your shoes are worn through?

(10:32 PM)

He said "The fish come out and play among the waters. That is the enjoyment of fish." The other said "You aren't a fish. How do you know what constitutes the enjoyment of fish?" He said "You aren't me. How do you know I don't know what constitutes the enjoyment of fish?" "I am not you and I don't know you very well. But I know you are not a fish and therefore you can't know what constitutes the enjoyment of fish."

Sunday, November 15

(10:11 AM)

Giants and fairies inspire the troops. They broke down the door and entered the room. Nobody thinks this makes sense, to believe in such things. Two teams have already dropped out. If you are ever in the neighborhood drop in and continue to feel despondent. The wind blew down the fence. The roof was blown off the house. I'm afraid the wind may blow the tent away.

(10:21 AM)

If after a quarrel two people make up someone bursts out laughing. It serves you right to meet someone half way. You may get away with it if you use cosmetics, unless something is too shiny. To laugh constantly

unless you enjoy it, aches. I mean even if you had a good time, received good service and deserved it you can stick out your tongue.

(11:37 AM)

He has been punched, beaten, knocked unconscious. It doesn't make sense to try to cheer him up. You may sit with him but it doesn't make him feel happier. He is often absent when you criticize him. Then he leaves permanently and you run across him. He is executed.

Friday, November 27

(12:32 PM)

Before the automobile has noticed it's carrying a beginner it's out on the roadway. The instruction book gives a false impression of a real picture. Everything you expected to handle with patient acceptance is now speeded up and scattered. Relax, hold onto the steering wheel and pretend that you're driving.

Theodore Enslin:

SYNTHESIS,
6.

A different tack-
(or differing
 perhaps
it is merely the setting
of new sails--
 jib and mizzen.)

It comes out spelled
as death,

 and links
with--

 no,
befriend the dream.
Whatever comes
is written slowly
as if tough food were chewed
over and not swallowed.
(But the caution sticks.
Befriend the dream.)

A writing as a clarification -
love

 and death -
which are in some instances
the same--
 and to be considered
similar.

Notice these tears
in my sweater -

a few moth holes-
 all indicative of one thing---
 a contempt for security,
 and the safe things.
 Lay it on the line,
 and to hell with consequences.
 An axe may fall.

So what?

The blood of my death
 will nourish others, I expect,
 unless some pious fool
 cleans it up.

I said earlier,
 ' I do not love the law, '
 which I will heighten
 to a strength, as,
 ' I despise all law
 which goes against that
 of man's nature. '

And this applies
 to most of what I know
 as a regulation
 favoring society---
 that wordy wind-tunnel---
 nihil into nihil.

A morality is one to one,
 and it includes death
 as a joyful part.
 The rest of it
 sags at the belly.

A collect for the day,
 or a part of the day,
 or the night:
 Dies irae, dies illa,
 Solvet saeclum in favilla---
 that no man may copyright it

for his own.
 It leads to a death
 more serious---
 in the mind---
 pushing for what can never be said---
 for what is near,
 which is nothing,
 and that

the news.

Perhaps
 and perhaps.

The misfortunes
 opened out---opened over---
 to prepare, well,
 Primus,

and where secundus ?

Find what is gone to hell---
 to pray out of it?
 or to work

deeper in.

But these are not the
 primal elements of death.

What they said for the old fellow
 fallen asleep:

Captain Thomas Nash---
 "dyed in ye year 1769."

"Here appears the Place of Bones,
 of gasfull sculls and monumental Stones
 Inscrib' d with grinning deaths on rural
 Thrones.
 But stop the Hearse this is the destin' d
 Place
 Where lies his Ancient Body in the Dust.
 Thou grinning grave profound receive thy
 prey,

Green's
 Farms
 Connect-
 icut

And feed they worms with his delicious Clay.
Throw on the Earth---how piercing is the
Sound,
Weep on dear friends and ease the Wound.
This kind relief the social Passions crave.
Jesus himself wept at a Good Man' s Grave."

good or bad
a man's collect
final

And:

it is not the end that matters,
but spaces,
lacunae which come between.
How these are filled,
and what is needful for them---
for us who trim sail there.
As reasons are insufferable,
goals become the wretched signposts
of the ill.

Charles Olson

It is
what you do now,
at this instant, which
makes the decision,
not the decision itself.
There were those who knew
and understood this,
before an idea,
i. e., progress,
was invented to take its place.
To destroy the need for care.
Means are all---
ethic and completion---
and of this, death great part.

At the time, an old man

mentioned,

' A good stream---
water supply in the driest weather,
which runs, in places, underground.'
As death is the midden,

but

equally flowing reach---
branchwater to the sea.
I tend there now.

That the journey is itself.
To arrive is to end it.
The float of passage
suspends

a sense
of time
in some key ritual
known to movement---.

Turn, if death be,
the innocent,
or my guilt,
or one who denies it
her grief
as---
what could be known?

The wind is:
one direction,
the drift, another,
forming the clasp,
as
the problem is one
of survival---
that one comes thus far
wherever he may be
standing

Cahoon's
Hollow
9/17/68

or

looking seaward.

Or that I am
 I
 as I never was---
 alive to remembrances
 in going further.
 There is a death in this---
 but as the spirit lives.
 Tossed in three crosswaves---
 to come out again,
 actual and alive,
 but to have died there.
 Surely.

The sound of ropes against
 metal flagpoles
 in the wind,
 tuned to thirds, one place.
 I had not thought to hear
 or discover them.

In all this
 to know,
 that with no commitments
 I may come back again,
 and it is not return.

Wellfleet
 Walking and coveting,
 but with no plan
 save one:
 to come back
 time and another time---
 and no return.
 Whatever the impasse,
 whatever impinges or impairs.
 With no stake,

the return is possible.

Tied surely
to the madman and his horse,
his drunken rages dying
in the clatter of slow hooves.
It was to be expected.
To be known--

a man
comes inquiring
for my death
on a slow horse.

(Hiatus by design.)

Or a dozen lines dropped
into the sea,
they will not sink easily---
lost to me,

they convey only
the convenience of what had been,
and I had best not carry such.

Or the key---

green with salts---
its own---
or verdigris.

It will open---

but I have not that
which opens to it,
only the token,
and sand
and sea.

Whence combing fire from the sea,
a rhyme
a rhythm
elegant

but simple
and utter nonesense---
a sotto voce. ---

That there are:
Great numbers of things
where I left them---
a warmth and a picking up
which is not return.
That these were much loved once
does not blur
a present love
which is other,
and beyond remembrance.
One must come
 open,
inside
 thing after
 thing.

Completion.
 Recapture-
and re
 moval
to such place
as might be.
Ah! an old man sings
refusal to be old,
and ages.
Compressed in time---
expanded just
a column of such airs
as are the late reminders---
harriers as harbingers.

He lieth in cold woods,
or by cold seas.
He riseth

early
 to be about his business,
 and he
 lieth down again.
 Which is history
 unrehearsed,
 and who lies there
 is one
 Jack Smith who lived
 a number of years before he died,
 and became
 Jack Smith.

Or such-

a morning committed,
 and with no commitments
 save as death is a commitment
 but not to the grave.
 The ease by which men
 strive to die
 is more important than the ease
 of death,
 and there is this
 moment
 misinterpreted
 completely
 real
 as spoken.
 I don't trick
 you
 babblers---
 men of conceit
 which passes
 for
 goodwill.

Things do not change in our times,

or in any lives.
I find now
 those same plants
I found
 twenty years ago---
in places
 I had thought
not to find.
 Unwithered.
It is merely myself
which ages.
 Even that
adapts to thinkings---
what were once,
and no mere ghosts.

Trying to complete
the page,
and an ocean swells.
Today is
 one of glassy sea
with groundswell,
 as
yesterday with fog
and drifting wind
which bids a storm
ride in;
before that, surf
which calibrated dirty weather
far off.
Could I believe this,
or believe myself
scenting
salt decay?
Tense being is
no
 and

no and
no.

Very good and very good
that each thing in the teeth of death
should be enjoyed,
and known as such.

I walk out in the morning---
see what I have not seen,
rake in old oyster beds
I once knew---

find what is contained
and little changed.

The red morning sun,
later, a coal in hand,
skimming and scouring the sea.
A feeling of health
in these,

and clear
to be

open
about it.

Day and a day,
and another one---
nights discounted.

How often---
and wherewith
I think of sea
and seasons
comparable only to themselves.

Lying back among
tide remnants
remembering:
the sea wind
from the south---
to follow the drift.
I do not capture much,
except what creates

in me the capture---
 yet
 here I am.
 Sense of capture---
 sense of little
 made and remade.
 I did not return,
 (but did, gainsaying it)
 and what is here
 was always and never---
 a stranglehold on death,
 which death
 has not,
 and
 which death?
 I think quickly of the skull
 which frames my face
 from inside---
 as quickly
 try to forget it.
 In such health
 the dreams
 which are uneasy dreams
 with no such health
 each night---
 the complement of day.
 I---
 but I do not say it.

If I could talk
 to you!

If you were here---
 with me---
 trails off
 in the ninth wave.

O come

be
 open with me---
 see whereof I dreamed
 without a reason,
 and without an ethic
 reasoning.
 clear as mud.

Or - the low key
 which is locus,
 and the pun an incidental,
 as the pain.
 Opening only to eyes at a
 certain place.
 So many times I spent
 thinking about the sea,
 now

I can only see it
 tumbling
 and turning
 and breaking
 dead men's bones.

Comment
 oh
 barely
 connect
 with conversation.

Make it
 as the flea
 almost infinitessimal
 to my sight
 makes it,
 see that which is
 as a flea must.

Well
 break the whole damned thing
 open

but be open
to my comment.

A hill
where once
I stood
tongue-tied
young
and with no sense there.
Now I sit
and ask you
to come
and stand
perhaps
tiptoe---
perhaps to stand.
Come here and be
beloved
my be-
loved.

The ache and ague
of the sea itself
not
what it imparts
to men---
only the sea---
and only
as one moves
between its arms.
In love with
love and life and death
as likened---
they move out with the tide.

Goodbye myself---
the -
well -

Uncle Tim's
Bridge
9/23/68

beats hell how you quote
and don't.
The experience being---
well -

the -
chopped off
perverse
you---
take my hand---
and let go.
But I will take you when I leave.

Now must I indulge
a fatal weakness
in ourselves---
a petit mal?
Better to go on
at that---
and never hear
more from it.

Finding the lines again,
perhaps a better thing:
Thrust of one branch
out of the maple
mass-
 ively
closing and opening
its bulk.

But no echoes
of ships or tables---
the fragment breaks off
at once
 and
 in one
whole.

Or as a house---

any one---
 stands in its own bulk---
 an impudence
 upon a hill.
 Do we create for that ?
 too ?
 Or is it a death
 unreasoned,
 unbroken,
 yet shattered
 in a not-quite-silent dust ?

Or an ease as
 the work begins again,
 cleared from old rubbish.
 (But the dreams and nights
 are easy.

A vague worrying
 by noon,)
 Times or once
 times
 death,
 belongs the slant
 of
 ' upward this hill,'
 in which delights---
 the worms in old Nash' s bones.
 Complications of a sort
 to turn men mad.
 At least one man tends there.
 Or to reachieve
 a balance.
 Movement entire---
 in the sense
 of a completion,
 as no completions are
 completed,
 but

clear-eyed
and ready for the
dull morning,
as it will be.

(Hint of frost
on bitten ground.
Prospectus of the far north.)

Tensing
and reflection
at what has been tensed.
I hark back
to what ?
Perhaps to the token
I left in writing
where you may see it
if you go there
one day.

We take with us
only what we have to give
to any situation.
That is for granted.
In due time,
more of it appears
than the cliche
of appearance,
in the heaped sands
and sods
of so many graves.

' Pinched
I
believe
the
pepper
the

ex

choose
me.'

Completes the rout
implied oh where
the others
and the end of it.

As an interlude---

the
feeling in repose
(apparent)
that something would happen---
and after the anxiety passed
it did.

It is that future
which is also past.
Crisis
which settles stasis
until the next crisis.
The slow sleep
wears and destroys.
The flood renews.

John
Coltrane

A balancing of textures,
or as the line disappears
there is the woven
strand
the emptying
landscape
refigured.

A mis
step
sets
others in motion.

(A mime
or mimesis.)
Tales of the dead
as in them
our books become
tombstones
opened and
unopened
flat lying
against this texture.
Life weaver
the sound
convinces.
Or as two weeks
past an act
serve two weeks
engrossed in other acts,
the act remains
recurs
a dominance
though not returned
to.
A dominance
of energy,
pushing
at the limits
of four
notes---motif
becomes
merely
motive
to motivate.
Climbing a different
ladder
to reach something
or to come down
once reached
misses the point,

Ascension

and the point
 is not to be missed.
 Polite listening,
 or banalities of style
 in attention
 pass on by.
 The red-eared anger,
 or a red star.
 Somewhere the galaxy.

Nights with sound outside:
 "They're bombing the target ship
 again."

A sound I once knew well,
 as a sound of death prepared,
 now

I would wonder---
 is it transplanted
 into
 these sounds?

a reflection
 of heterogeneity?
 Too pat.

It does not hold up
 at the reality
 which is, finally,
 its own reality
 and nothing else.

Who wonders,
 wanders,
 such wanderings
 as are:
 Deep jungles---
 caught places---
 a raft of log-sounds
 caught in verbal
 eddyings

the strong currents
 tending to rise,
 (the others there as surely.)
 Beware death by under
 tow.

Numbing
 the chill of recognition---
 talk to me

TALK
 to---

the dedication
 is opened
 and removed
 at the same time
 as if it might be
 the sign in a shop window,
 "Closed for the season.
 See you next spring."
 I could wonder about all
 these things---
 or time itself
 wondering---
 a nourishment
 flat-handed
 and full---
 the retort which is
 the mainstay of a reply.
 Take hold,
 oh take hold slowly.
 To begin
 at the place
 of leaving off
 and then to
 sustain it.

When
 (once)
 I had acted

and reacted
 (negatively)

I died,
 as dying is resurgence.
 Came forward once
 and passed on---
 believed what I found
 only as I disbelieved---
 created
 foremost
 what came to mind.

"A hill of glass"
 with curses.

The echoes of it somewhere
 in bones of mine
 these many years
 rotten
 and greened in trees
 now shedding their leaves.

Commented on the doing
 what I did
 once
 as I knew it
 (completed
 in compleynt
 after compline.)

They sensed
 and I
 lost to time
 the ghosts
 of what men I have been.

Always,
 before the happening,
 a warning,
 and

the eventual death
 which accounts for it.
 The desire to free
 catches fire,
 as death becomes freedom---
 the reach across
 a corrective
 which amounts to
 itself corrected.

Wherever a man moves
 with curses
 or a hymn---
 the Song of Seikelos
 recorded
 as a prehistory.

Orpheus
 ascending
 to a death
 certain in fate
 is not
 an error.

One bleeds---
 but we do not.
 The rage
 becomes mawkish piety.
 Turn it down.
 Destruction lurks in it.
 We retreat.

Wherever the time begins
 the end has outstripped it.
 The fair contest.
 Whatever a man does
 is laughable---
 worthless extreme---

as he attempts to avoid it.

Make way! Caesar's conqueror is at hand,
and he is no god.

The statues to the known,
as the unknown,

have fallen.

The senate sits beardless.

Only the wind of the Goths
passes through---

lifting a curtain,
fitfully falling,
lifting again

and

falling.

Darkness creates darkness.

There is no darkness in simple graves.

Whoever knows this
holds the stone.

To exile the establishment
would be---

but there is a new one
above the horizon.

The sun does not move,
or only as we move
against it.

A fury rises
as another falls.

It is man at fault.

He must go.

All that is unmanly in me
is the good.

Tense,

the muscle
breaks against the bone,

neither willing
nor willed.
Unstrung and driven
to what is worse
in each of them.
Complexions change
only as the seasons,
and in seven years
all changes.

Character of darkness
which is not the dark
bespeaks me once
and once again
unspoken.
Shackled to the need
to put it down,
all of which is my need,
and no other.
Beyond me, the wind of horses,
and the wind which destroys them.

Commence---
 rebreak---
come out clear
day.

Impelled to look,
not to look back.
The fool was not
Orpheus,
 but Persephone.

Causing the rightness of sense,
completing the change
as if with changelings.
Hmm!
 and Hmmm.

As if against the light
 I raised my hand
 to touch her breast.

Where flowers bloom
 I know not.
 Where my hand goes
 I know
 not.

Or a jolt again.

Viz. :

Will it take my father's death
 to free me for myself?

There are rituals some men go through,
 and they call them freedom.

But, listen to me.

It is not in these.

Perhaps not in simple deaths.

Could I imply
 what I could not name?

Impatience of man
 "practical"
 says no,

and to say it plain
 becomes a stumbling block.
 Well, I will stumble
 through no fault of others,
 nor my own.

Making it,
 she says,
 but doesn't know what she says,
 or how to make it.
 I feel it,
 for all the beauty of her words.
 Her words become herself,

and it is a dead self,
cold,
 beyond the dew
turned to frost
an early winter morning.
Well, she said it of herself,
I didn't,
which makes the guilt
more mine.
A whole.

Fuck it,
there is other work to do.

Could you give me a hand?
as a help?

or else
simply your hand
to hold a little while?
I need that much warmth---
a contact in the night
which lasts all day.
Without it
there is murder of the soul,
and we keep doing it.
That's the exasperating part.
A man:
Biped which fouls,
cannot be dignified
as who or whom.
I'll talk to the owls.
Whatever it is they say.
I want to listen---
or perhaps turn in
after having looked a little.
The light---
patches out my window
on a pile of saw chips.
It is nearly midnight,

and nothing else.

Chaining these lines
as if they thought
on their own.

Well, a new shape
once,

and I am
less than that,
and more than a hero.

Could you recognize
me in other clothes ?
Just a suggestion---
a simple dead suggestion.

Forgetting other skills
will not remove them.

Make haste,
or why ?

To be tipped over
three times
by three waves,
made the difference---
and brought it all back.
I will not do that
again.

The peremptory order
from the sea,
to shift for one' s self,
and not that the sea
does that.

All death---
in the face of it---
to sweat to avert it---
nothing for acceptance---
nothing said

or done.

The deep song

cante jondo,
understood as the men
who wrote it
may not have at all times.
But there was the sense of it.
Completing its way,
it moved them.

They it.

Compare

or try it out.
If there is nothing but death,
go to it,

lovers and brides
must know it.

The rest of us as surely.
Then the choking back---
that life as it is known
is sweet.

Can cloy.

A strong black broth,
at times, strengthens..

How to say what finishes?

Have I heard that question,
or was the thin ghost
the prompter?

It is not for finishing---
nor for ease.

Take it and like it

or

give it back
whence it came
before it came.

That is the ease of it,
the turning on itself
which creates

as it destroys
the image or idea
of creating.

Daily,

I attempt,
and as I do,
I go out among friends.
Back here among thieves
and assassins.
But these are not death's men,
rather, the dead themselves.
And many islands build from sand.
The old charts lie.
The islands known
are foundered.

The course
changes.

Men come in.
They go out.
The course changes.

↙Continues

NOTES, LETTERS, REVIEWS

OPEN READING, edited by David Bromige, will have its first issue out shortly, with poems by David Antin, Marijane Dat-sun, Michael Davidson, Robert Duncan, Clayton Eshleman, Jim Jacobs, Robert Kelly, Ed Kissam, Ron Loewinsohn, Michael McClure, Andrew McGuire, Michael Palmer, Gary Snyder, Charles Stein, & an essay by Tom Sharp. The magazine will appear tri-quarterly. \$1/single issue, \$3/year: subscriptions should be sent to David Bromige, c/o Dept. of English, Sonoma State College, Rohnert Park, California.

Theodore Enslin, THE COUNTRY OF OUR CONSCIOUSNESS,
Sand Dollar, 1971, \$3.50 paper.

The root of understanding, of form, of the clarity of Enslin's work lies in music. Recall he studied composition with Nadia Boulanger; observe the musical structures -- analogues -- of his longer works, such as FORMS, or SYNTHESIS, the tone-poem effects of THE JOURNALS. Given such a baseline, a survey of the lyrics in THE COUNTRY OF OUR CONSCIOUSNESS reveals them as nodes of perception, glyphs of language pure as single bells struck, or a motif from Mozart.

The whole effect is of compression, and a simplicity like arithmetic (in which hides the Theory of Numbers).

"I tend to congratulate a life
which, lived, is harder than
it need be..."

Beauty grows through endurance; it is fracture lines that gleam brightest. A kind of crystallography of the spirit: definition.

"Its means are what it means."

As you are broken, so you reveal. Apples, diamonds, man or cedar shakes born by the twist of a froe, sprung from a core.

Enslin is a man of systems, of long, connected thought; taxonomy, theories of cures, of signatures, the varied doctrines of medicine. His development is properly idiosyncratic; while he does not start up out of the void, he borrows less than most, is less beholden in particulars. Botany, music, the skills of hard survival, homeopathy, patristics, brewer's and vintner's craft, classics, cranberry farming...

"You say:

"I fear a man obsessed."

And I fear one
who is not."

Let him be obsessed with understanding his dimension, graphing out the boundaries. Enslin has set himself tasks which he has begun to complete. I imply no limitation by this, but that sufficient shape has emerged that we can check location. We may be well surprised by specifics in his future work, but these will emerge from the particular place in American poetry he has made his own. He has taken the granular structure of language (as poets, not linguists, find it) and sifted it through his fist like a Navaho singer delineating a spiritual geometry on the floor of a hogan. (I am deliberate in this image, for I would disassociate Enslin and Maine, New England as pure convention). He is closer to Parmenides than Melville, an Eleatic who sees coherence in all, and not estrangement.

"I am writing a poem to hold
things that are separate usually"

The book, 5th in Jack Shoemaker's Sand Dollar Series, is well made, sewn, hardy. The design spare, but inte-

gral, as are the 58 poems.

-- Howard McCord

it's almost dawn, i got up in moonlight from violent dreams. i don't want to get sucked in to an invented argument, be angry just 'cause the aggressor comes on with anger, i think, as i stir and move my neck around. i make a note of it but know it won't make a poem alone. listening to the world outside wake, i sit inside a den in side the side of a hill. it's almost 3 by 4 by six, but the entrance is only 2/3rds the width of the back, and the metal roof slants downhill and is covered with earth. lined with solid worn wood, braced with beams of iron rail, rust worn off; stakes, pouches, poems, pictures, a raddle, a bell hung on the walls or the roof. yesterday we washed clothes, bottled beer, made yogurt, washed bean sprouts, picked grapes, made eight light courses for breakfast, changed the water in the garden and had hot water to brew, the dishes done, all before the sun hit the camp. we then forded the stream, up a slope at times 80 degrees and on to a small trail weaving thru chinese ruins, houses, flumes, caves, which was rough enough for freda to say 'shut up' when i tried to tell her i was standing on the main china trail only 16 feet above her. after we sorted out the energy we hiked to the orchard, resting under different trees. a pick up came down the road. i went to get the license number because last week my car had been trashed, window and doors smashed and bullet holed, all my valued stores i thot i had grasped from time taken with the battery and rear view mirror, honey and preserves and broken glass etc., on the floor. the number might have been c68849, but i'm not sure about the 4. the number that is to this car yesterday. two men get out, one young and one old, with gun. the gun man comes up yelling, demanding the number. Cliff Brush, at first not knowing him because of short hair cut and new clothes, the man who just

stole 9 gallons of aged beer, 3 of mead and 2 of root beer, plus our malt, capper, meat, can food, bottlecaps, a convicted arsonist who may have lit 4 fires in this canyon, directing where he wanted fire roads and ending up with the fire fighters' food. he is angry, i don't want to be, need his friendship, can't afford him as an enemy. his show today is "you said, we're going to kill you" he uses repetition of lies with more intensity of hatred each time to push the moment to pass the point of no return. that's a lie and you know you're lying i say. he moves the deer gun around and i look over to the driver who never says a word and i trust cliff not to kill an unarmed man with someone looking on, but for a moment i am not sure. they leave, their terror remains. we were just for a walk going up to get apples. these are the games where nothing is gained and your life is the price of losing.

Cliff knew we were out of camp, but i didn't want my life run by his fear or to wait for him, waste time protecting things, so we walked a few more miles to the old apple trees up high road which goes up to the cliffs and circles around upstream, to walk off fury and heal the body. last time i ate apples in a tree was last fall in the grandcanyon but this tree was very old and not to be trusted too far. we must now gather what we can for there is no money for food and winter provisions were mostly ripped off. We come back and i grab a beer and go down to the water, which the sun has left. the beer was too long in the crock, while i was away fixing the car windows. the water is totally refreshing, the air a little warm and no bugs bite. we rob the garden and steam or salad what we find, sit in the dark. i am asked what i would want and give an answer, that a dakini would manifest, which is wrong and interpreted to mean i am making some comparison with some male idea and i said you interpret your projection and in fact are treating me to your general male anger to death and i don't want to spend anymore of my days arguing with you or cliff or get sucked into other people's anger. good point, i thot, but you will probably forget it. we went off to read stories by candle lite and i slept until moon lite.

-- Will Staple

Beau Geste Press announces the publication of **PARTS OF A BODY HOUSE BOOK** by Carolee Schneemann, a mimeoedition of sixty books (and fifteen artist's proofs), eighty pages of innovative visual imagery, combined with essays, letters and notations. Multi-printing (three to five screens), textured pages, cut by hand, transparent papers, tipped in photographs, transparencies, hand-cut stencils, heat stencils, electronic stencils, stamped, printed, rolled: hand bound. **PARTS OF A BODY HOUSE BOOK** includes illustrations from "Fuses Notebooks" (stills from the film "Fuses" appeared in Caterpillar #2), drawings from Kinetic Theatre works, a hand-colored comic-strip of her recent performance for the Fluxus Fluxorum Theatre in Berlin. Essays on "Sex and Gender"; the true and outrageous "Sexual Parameters Comparison Chart"; a game to be played by couples "Relationship Measure"; letters to Clayton Eshleman on female sexuality/creativity; writings on Wilhelm Reich, Makavejev, Anais Nin, recollections of the New York "Avant-Garde", and a recipe dripping from her kitchen! **PARTS OF A BODY HOUSE BOOK** is \$35.00 and can be ordered directly from the author Carolee Schneemann, 17a Belsize Park, London NW3, England. Please enclose money order or check for the amount suitable to your order.

AN IMAGE

There is no single idea of poetry, there may be some use in looking for one. At the end of October 1799, Coleridge in company with Wordsworth began his first walking tour of the

Lake Country. Watching the River Greta shoot down a slope of huge green stone, he noted this phenomenon:

The white Eddy-rose that blossom'd up against
the Stream in the scollop, by fits and starts,
obstinate in resurrection.

Four years later Coleridge wrote it out again in another notebook as one of a series of "Images," seen this time with the mind's eye:

The white rose of Eddy-foam, where the stream ran into a scooped or scolloped hollow of the Rock in it's channel -- this Shape, an exact white rose, was for ever overpowered by the Stream rushing down in upon it, and still obstinate in resurrection it spread up into the Scollop, by fits & starts, blossoming in a moment into a full flower.

The verbs carry the force, the nouns--Stream, Scollop, Flower--give it shape. It took Coleridge's rapt, staring eyes to see the white rose blossoming: matter taking form, exact and full of the stream's running force, contained yet spent.

Hopkins felt this as instress and inscape, energy and design; recorded in his notebook seeing foam-chains, foam-bags, "foam-cuffs in the river... of the crispiest endive spraying." In Yeats' "Easter 1916" rebellion is a stone, it troubles the living stream until "a terrible beauty is born."

The image is one of integrity, identity, made out of river water breaking up. Coleridge added a final comment to his note in 1799 -- "It is the life that we live" -- as if what he saw was also a question to be asked of any experience, person, or poem.

-- John Felstiner

/the following letter was sent to The New York Review of Books in response to a review by Diane Wakoski of the Collected Poems of David Ignatow which appeared there early this year. The New York Review did not reply or run the letter. /

Gentlemen,

Diane (Wakoski) in praising David Ignatow can only deserve the thanks of anyone valuing a lifetime of work well done. But what else she's up to may not be so clear nor so deserving of praise. It may be mean or silly. Apparently while Ignatow lives through to celebrate the small necessities of a life shared almost to madness daily with most Americans, there are others of us, poets of a different sort who are less than citizens of that meanness our nation has become. But what in Ignatow's work can she appreciate when through it all runs so common a thread as our tendency, all of us, to become "roaring egotists, self-congratulating fools." So poets she believes turn out as others do, but that I would imagine is where we start. Diane thinks, suggests, we end there. As Ignatow ends with a poetry and a stomach accepting a mean life. But who would rather not be a fool for his sense of a life our flesh and the world might accommodate -- there are some poets, myself included, who demand that no vision or responsibility or fear allow a man so tight darkvested a life as Ignatow's, granting the elegance and courage that man carries it off with. Ignatow deserves a soldier's praise, the courage to go forward in those hostile villages. But what is he there for? Certainly not only to glorify "the living fully of each mundane daily act."

This, of course, Ignatow has no reason to answer; but Diane who sees in this a moral value so many others fail to and ought to honor must provide some answer if the moral force she pretends is to be granted her. That a man of David Ignatow's quality can accept the grind he does, can only

terrify. For what chance then have those his life is shared with? Our families and neighbors and fellow citizens and ourselves.

Diane Wakoski, for all her love of "complex, ornate images, the music of dream poems," of her art for which always I must love her, has attacked poets on grounds natural to that poor woman two floors above Ignatow's tenement window, that most egotistical and provincial of grounds, a small view of human possibility, of what in that local quarter counts as "reality." Limited by so meagre a generosity Diane's grounds are mean and silly.

-- Carl Thayler

Stan Persky, THE DAY (Vancouver: Georgia Straight Writing Supplement Vancouver Series #6, 1971) 132 pages.

Of course, the day isn't everything you want it to be, anything but that, though sometimes loosely enough arranged in those nothings, that it's there to be done with, whatever you want. Or pass it by, and it's morning again. The events, if that's what they were, can be put here and there. (p. 12)

It rambles apparently, in a personal journal way. The Day. Nonessentials occur inextricably wound with essentials, because the mind moves in and around both, sensitized by the whole process of thought as, language on the move, instantly responsive. And this is the aim, this responsiveness, which generates such accurate ramblings that, in fact, a day, any day includes. The touchstone, or ground, is faith in the activity itself, and this provides direction, or, as Stan writes:

when I see the way there
 is in fact no way at all but the fact
 that I see it,

there's only a roomful
 of people, there is only a tangle
 when I start, my grubby fingers --

Where you always begin,
 with the things at hand/in mind. Yes, Stan is a materialist:
 he is also a worker who knows his material, that which he
 works with, language. And language is curiously substance
 and spirit (breath as energy) or, matter on the move. In a
 recent article titled "The Materialism of Poetry", Stan takes
 it (from Marx) that language is "the material base of con-
 sciousness" and goes on to say that it "activates experience".
 Which is also, curiously, faith in that other MATTER of lan-
 guage, that it matters, that it does move, you.

Provided you give it direct, so the reader can take it, direct, moment-to-moment (Olson). The Day is what is daily given, what one exists in -- as language springs to mind -- yet there remains the will of the maker struggling always to find a way, to DO something with it, make, a form. Thought takes off (into the bush) materially, working within its substance, word, responsive to it. Stan's materialism lies in the ACTIVITY of writing. He is not really concerned with the product as made thing: the activity is what engages him. One may or may not find a conclusion (though it always does end), but the act of finding a way through the field, IN the field, is valuable for its own sake in that it releases energy and hence activates others. And this, for Stan, is essentially political since, merging us with the species (the world), it is "de-alienating": sets us in touch with our common (human) selves.

We've made it through. Or
 we're here, with these plans, mumbled, a
 dog barking outside, for instance and that's
 that. That's love too.

The Day is about loving as much as it is about living or writing. Each is analogous to the other in that each allows for the experience of the other. There is this in Stan that wants to be both voyeur and initiate, both inside and outside the room in the same moment. Wanting to "make the day" and to let it happen, wanting to write alone in the room and be out where the others are happening. Limits. How much will you let yourself be informed by language, and how much must you shape it to your will? How lost can you be? In love: can you stand (outside) your lover's separateness before rushing in to break in, and so "make it": "I will take you, I will / force it, I will feel it, will it will it." Resolution lies only in the act which pierces matter and activates whatever it touches. So the driving energy of a "man on the make" roots up from the past the striving, even sexist chapters of early homosexual experience; so the "made" man sits at dawn by himself and writes, of a house waking up around him, and the house he is for the act, the act itself -- "As if we didn't create it all" -- where he is most at home.

And keeping its own pace the writing runs, in Creeley-esque turns around its commas, and Creeley terms at times, his anonymous pronouns. Sometimes a sentence a paragraph long will drop in mid-course to begin, still running, a new paragraph on a different level.

These sudden drops are the drops a mountain road takes. Highways, which figure largely, the image of driving. To somewhere? highway's end who can foresee? And anyhow, Stan doesn't drive, he's sitting next to the driver in the moving car as the landscape races by outside, and his mind runs, in and out of sleep, in and out of thought -- mountains. There is the cliff edge where the movement stops -- "that there'll never be another word, ever." This "fearfulness" figures both as inability to create a form (find meaning in the given, as "to carve a boat from a block of wood") and as the experience of not being there ("not caring enough", in love or in a larger social context.) Stan has worked with death in a Coroner's office, he knows the objective face it presents. But he is here trying to handle the psychic

feel of ceasing... to make the day cohere. Holding things together. Or, more accurately, not being where they are held. Osiris appears, figure of dismemberment, as the title of what is perhaps the most inward chapter of the book, certainly the one with the most private reference. Death-dream. A small room with the boat in it, stale dishes, people crowding in to look and finding all of it in its museum stasis out of context, irrelevant. While Stan hovers, knowing from earlier in the dream (by some 3,000 years) that he has sailed in it, trusted whoever his guide was, and eaten of the food. In THIS world, what are you left with? A phrase from another chapter: "the scared fragments of the day." It is Jamie, only political figure in the book, poet turned activist (Rimbaud, of whom Stan has also spoken), who, having found himself this side of poetry is still prophetic, "Don't stay, said the scared fragments of the day."

When the activity stops, the Day splinters. A glimpse of a face, of vegetables in a garden, of someone's hall, of an imagined cock. It can drift apart, psyche as separate images, severed limbs carried down the Nile, drowned. But Osiris is also the figure of resurrection whose body was raised intact. By what? Spells cast, and prayers, and pouring water. "The movement in the movement." Language moving in the moving car we are, moving with it, that moving landscape outside, instant, thought -- occasioned by the falls, old man, death? runs WITH us, Is the drowned god,

who floated on the river, but did not
float, as he moved in it, giving it
his life, his body streamed into the
river, the whole order a streaming --

I put my foot out,
it hits something, warm, like an animal
coat, I've forgotten there's a footstool
before the chair...

Materialist that he is, it is
all material to the order, which is and can be only inherent

stream, of energy, breath, time carries us, "no resolving, except the act of it, / itself." Poetry IS an activity. It is "taking up the moments into my hands," materially, and writing them direct, for any of us to re-enact.

-- Daphne Marlatt

Dear people at Caterpillar. I am 17 and go to highschool in the City of Cerritos where i cause as much trouble as possible. In my mythology class we decide to go to the research Library at UCLA To look up material pertaining to YAQUI INDIANS. I saw your magazine and flipped reading Thomas MEYER. All I had time to read. I also marvelled at the close proximity of your offices. I have been writing poems since I was 14 and I am now hard at work on a pornographic novel for my friends. I also make movies for a class I have at a local Junior college. Just tuesday I was making a movie at the San Gabriel River bed with about 16 of my friends all in costumes and make-up when a police helicopter swooped low and then landed. We all trembled in fear while it sat idling for about 5 minutes. A man got out and marched 40 feet or so over to us. We said we were making a movie and he said we were trespassing and that one of the little girls with us might fall into the rapid water not 5 feet away. He gave us 15 minutes nevertheless to make the movie, and asked "WILL WE GET IN THE CREDITS?" He went back to his helicopter and took off, but not before I got a shot of a helicopter and a river and a ladder with deer's head on the top rung playing around. Later a squad car came by and we had to stop shooting again long enough to feed them a lie. It just goes to show that I have to put up with a lot of shit to make a movie while Hollywood can make a movie anyplace anytime with police protection. The poems I send you are the result of blowing myself up out of old ways. They are about finding climaxes through anti-climaxes.

love, Bob Coffman

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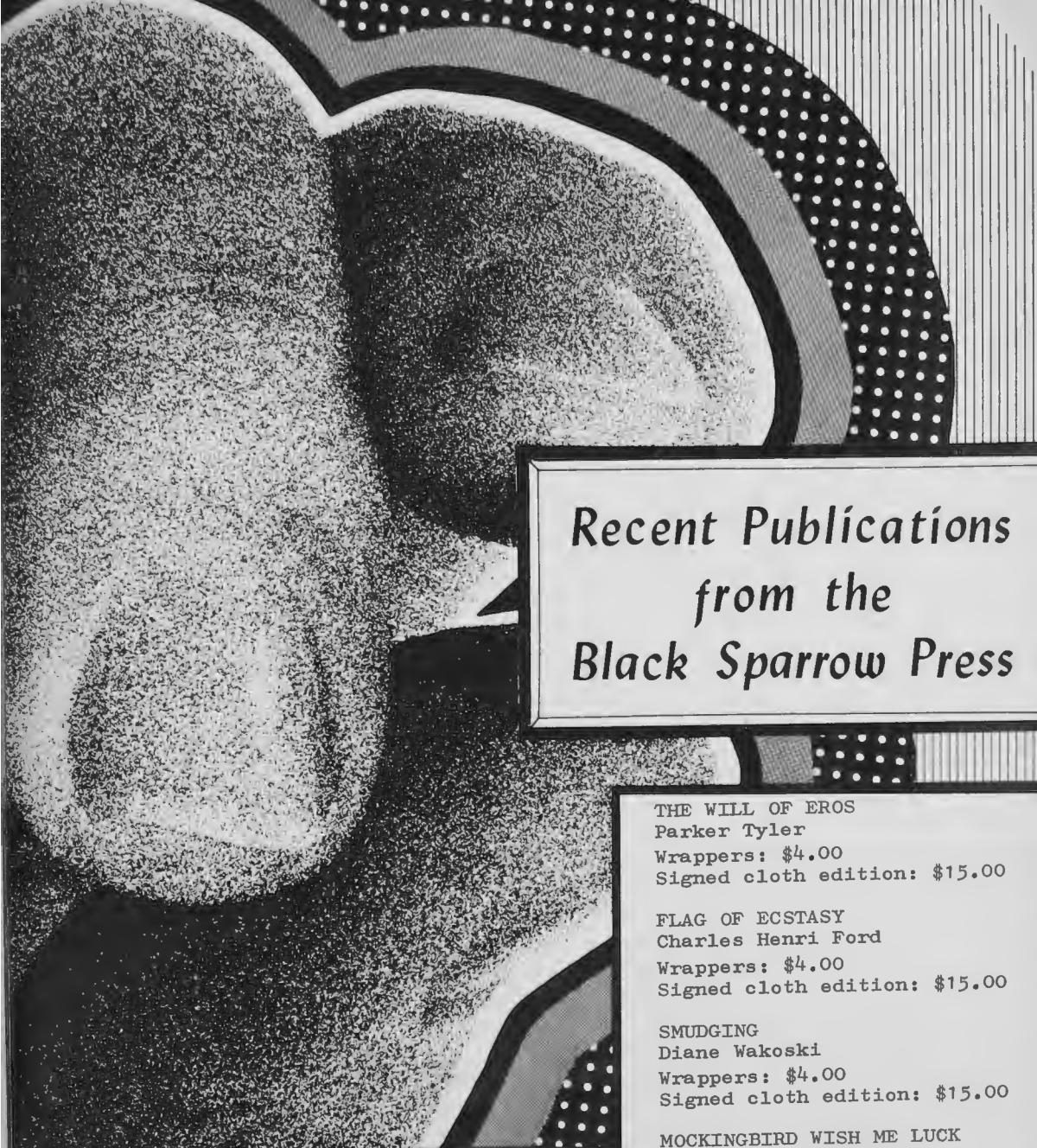
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